



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JULY, 1882.

Contents.

Squire Lisle's Bequest. By ANNE BEALE. L.-VI.	385
French Peasants and French Agriculture .	403
Newspaper Advertisements in the Eighteenth Century . . .	408
Notes on the Eastern Cities and Museums of the United States . .	412
Fans	417
The Ruins of Pæstum .	421
English Thrift: its Helps, Hindrances, and Hopes. By the Rev. W. BLACKLEY, M.A. Part II. XV.-XXV.—Hindrances .	422



Contents.

Arel Söderman. iv. . .	427
The Kings of Laughter. VII.—The Varieties of Laughter. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD	429
William Jackson, of Exeter, Musician. An Autobiography. III. . . .	433
Sir Francis Drake. I. .	436
Notes on Modern Jews. By LUCIEN WOLF. II. .	440
Through Siberia . . .	444
Varieties	446

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2 S 4 SUN. APT. TRIN.	10 M 6 rises 3.56 A.M.	18 T Venus near 7	26 W Vega S. 10.16 P.M.
3 M 6 great. dis. from 6	11 T Venus an evn. star	19 W 6 greatest dis. fr. 6	27 T Clk. bef. 6m. 15s.
4 T 6 rises 3.51 A.M.	12 W Aquila S. midnight	20 T Lyra S. 10.38 P.M.	28 F Daybreak 1.10 A.M.
5 W Clock be. 6m. 16s.	13 T Len. of D. 16h. 12m.	21 F Ven. sets 9.33 P.M.	29 S 6 sets 7.52 P.M.
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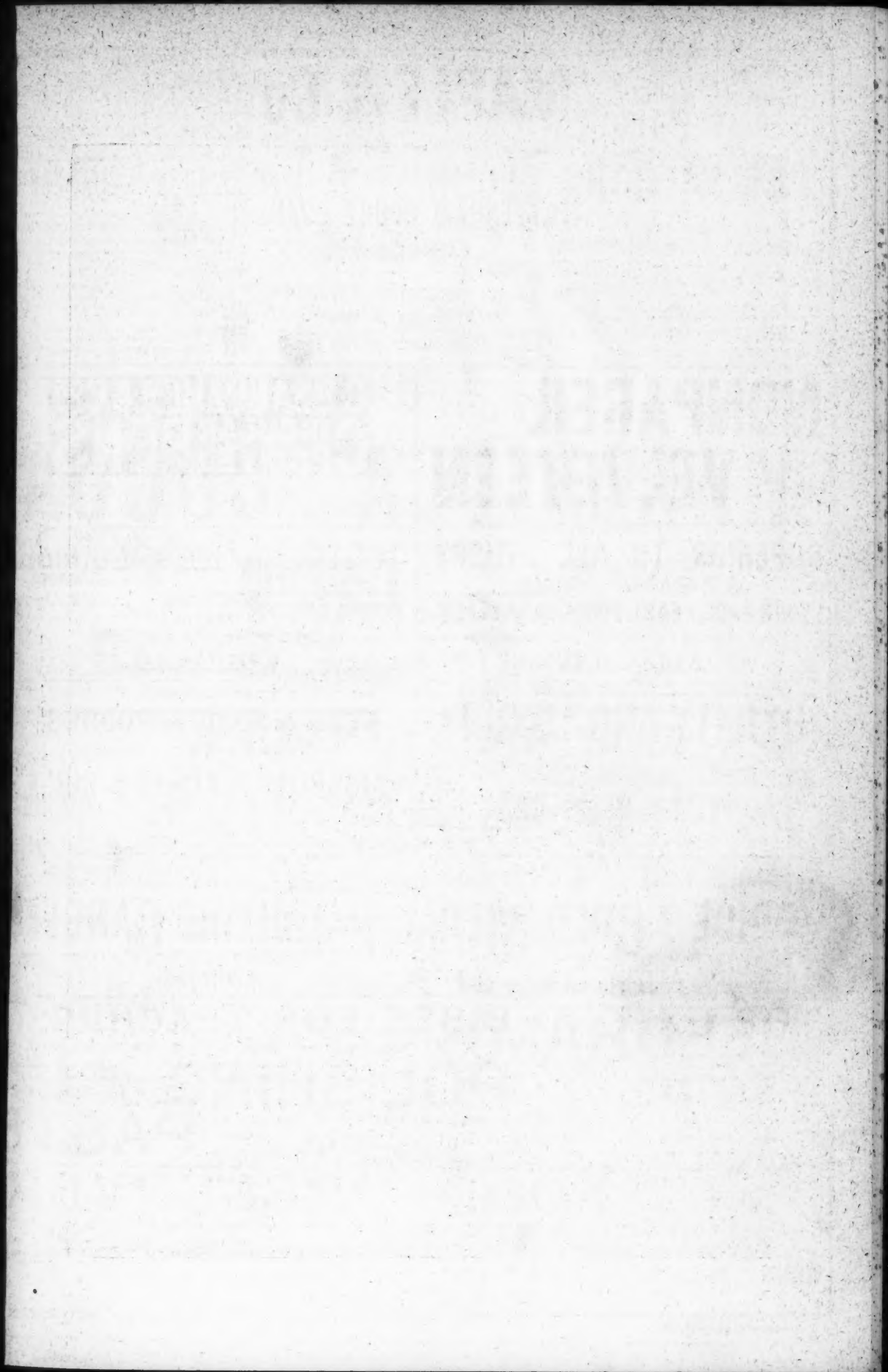
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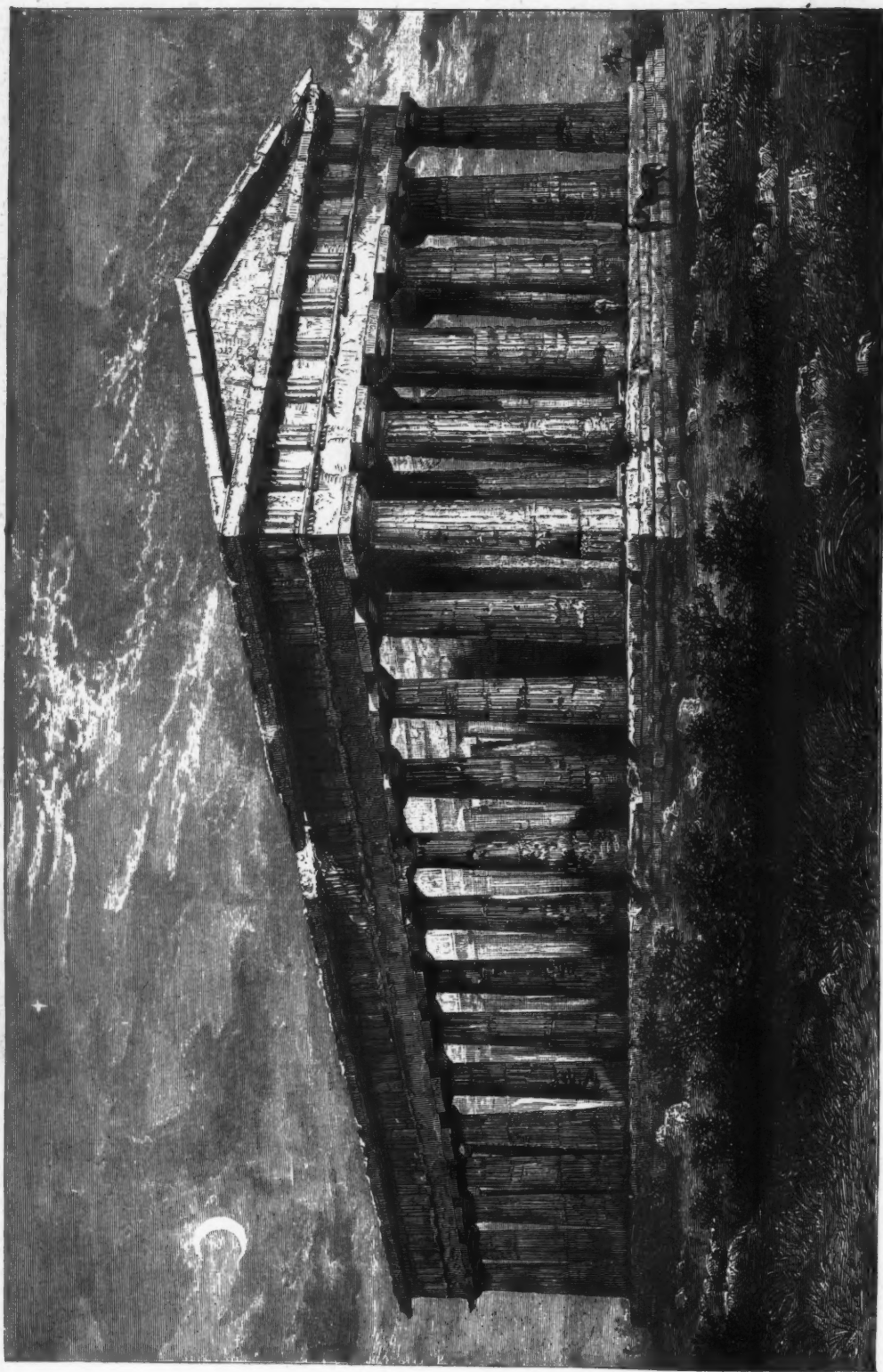
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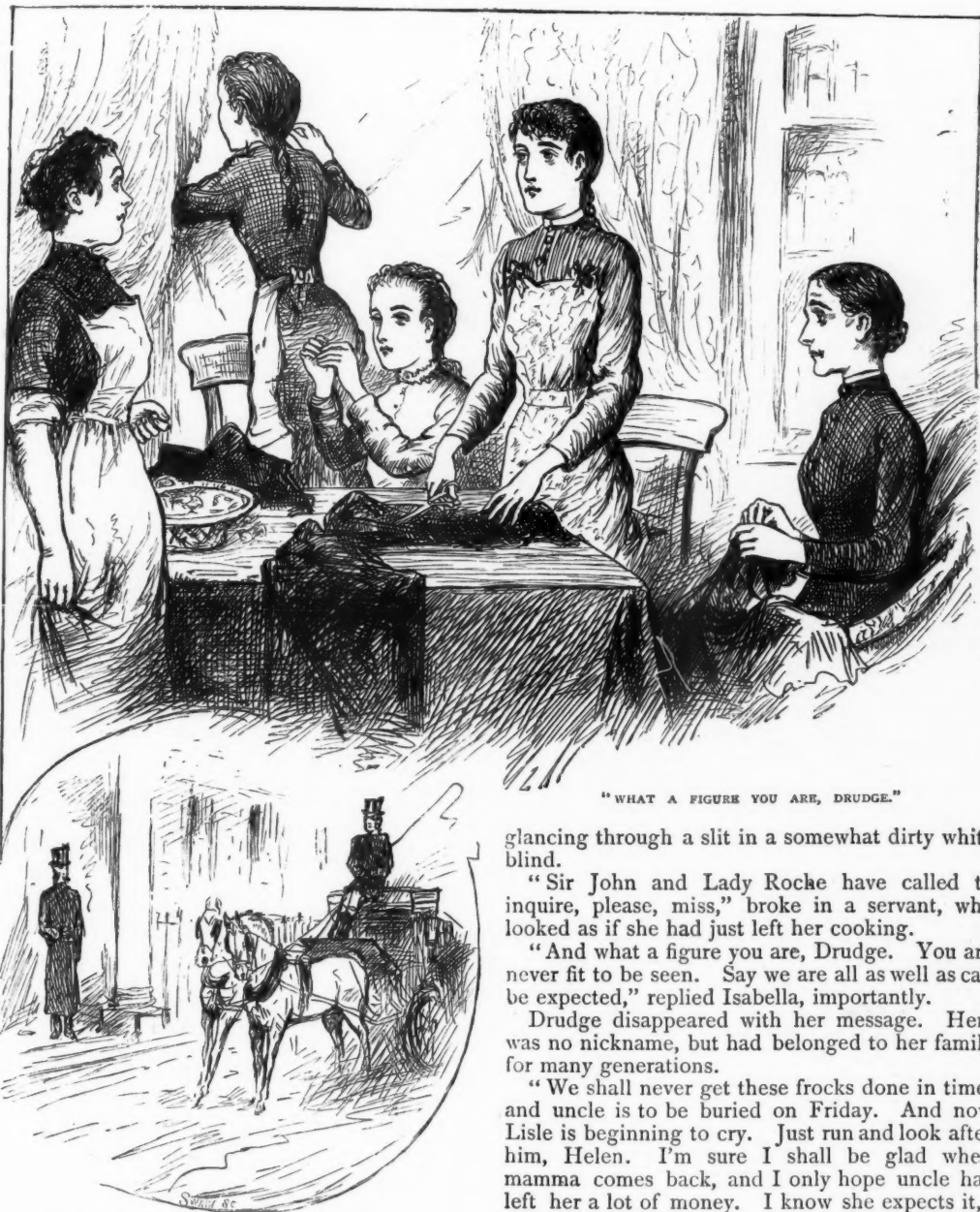


THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM.

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SQUIRE LISLE'S BEQUEST.

BY ANNE BEALE.



"WHAT A FIGURE YOU ARE, DRUDGE."

glancing through a slit in a somewhat dirty white blind.

"Sir John and Lady Roche have called to inquire, please, miss," broke in a servant, who looked as if she had just left her cooking.

"And what a figure you are, Drudge. You are never fit to be seen. Say we are all as well as can be expected," replied Isabella, importantly.

Drudge disappeared with her message. Hers was no nickname, but had belonged to her family for many generations.

"We shall never get these frocks done in time, and uncle is to be buried on Friday. And now Lisle is beginning to cry. Just run and look after him, Helen. I'm sure I shall be glad when mamma comes back, and I only hope uncle has left her a lot of money. I know she expects it," poured forth Isabella.

"He was an old curmudgeon, papa says so," exclaimed Helen, leaving the room.

Isabella, Elizabeth or Quiz, and Helen, were the daughters of Major Dallimore, and were, when thus introduced, seated round the dining-room table engaged in making mourning. They were superintended and aided by Miss Poore, milliner and

CHAPTER I.—THE YOUNG DALLIMORES.

"ANOTHER knock, I declare! I wonder who that is. Look, Quiz, but let nobody see you," cried Isabella Dallimore, as an echoing rat, tat, tat resounded through the house.

"It is a carriage and pair," whispered Quiz, climbing on a chair in one of three windows, and

dressmaker, who would much have preferred having the room to herself. The table and, indeed, the apartment, was nearly covered with black, and the deceased uncle ought to have been satisfied, could he but have been present at the mortuary display of his affectionate relatives. Nevertheless, the sun shone brightly through the closed blinds, and the young people were by no means unhappy.

Isabella, the eldest, was a tall, dark, angular girl, very decided in manner, and fully impressed with the importance of her present position; for had she not been the one to be apprised of the death of their great uncle, Squire Lisle, of Lisle Manor, the previous day, and to receive her mother's orders concerning the instantaneous purchase and manufacture of the mourning proper for so illustrious a relative? And had she not been left in charge of the house and family more than a week before, when her parents were summoned to Lisle Manor to see the last of the head of the race of Lisle? Her sisters were, for once, awed into submission to her orders, and, besides, somewhat troubled by that indescribable sense of fear which death inspires in the young. They were respectively fourteen, eleven, and ten years of age.

"Pray don't bring Lisle in here, Helen," exclaimed Isabella, looking up from a skirt she was running, as Helen returned, carrying a one-year-old baby.

"Ann declares she can't nurse him and make the servants' mourning at the same time. She says she must have help," returned Helen, setting her brother down upon the hearthrug.

He began to roar, which caused Isabella to throw down her work and snatch him up in her arms with a shake, and a "Hold your tongue, or I'll whip you," a threat which he neither understood nor attended to, for he only roared all the more lustily. Quiz, meanwhile, went to the sideboard, and returned with a piece of sugar, which took instantaneous effect, and Lisle grew as quiet as a lamb while sucking this sweet consolation. He was an ordinary infant, with chubby cheeks, round blue eyes, sturdy limbs, and stentorian lungs; and although his advent had caused much rejoicing in a family where girls were in the majority, he was tyrannised over by his very slaves. It was from hand to hand with him, as it was from hand to mouth with his surroundings—for a major on half-pay, with a wife whose dower was modest, finds it difficult to keep up a large establishment. Lisle's nurse, therefore, shared the honours of a maid-of-all-work with Drudge, and neither was contented with her position. But then few of our servitors are contented, in these socialistic times.

However, Lisle sucked his sugar and his thumb by turns on the hearthrug, and peace reigned while the needles sped rapidly.

As the afternoon advanced, the knocks at the front door were incessant; but strong-minded Isabella was not to be turned from her occupation by the frequent requests for an interview of anxious friends. "As well as can be expected," was all the information she volunteered, while Quiz peeped through her loophole as the visitors arrived and withdrew, gravely announcing their names, under her breath, and curtly describing their dress. She

could just spy the portico and a portion of the street from her point of observation, and the temptation to watch and report finally overcame her love of work, and she remained kneeling on the chair and surveying the comers.

"One would think that uncle had been king or prime minister at least," remarked Isabella.

"Here come aunt and monsieur," whispered Quiz. "He! he! I can't help laughing. She is picking her way across the street on the tips of her toes, and is dressed as fashionably as possible. Miss Poore, did you make that dress? And the three dogs are with them."

"No, I did not, Miss Elizabeth, I am not smart enough for Madame d'Angère. She prefers Miss Honeybun," said Miss Poore, indignantly.

"They are not mourning, if we are," said Quiz. "I'm sure monsieur's hair has just been curled."

"Quiz, it is very wrong of you to talk of such things at such a time," broke in Helen, severely.

"I can't be sorry for a person I never saw," pouted Quiz.

"But Isabella and I have seen him, and he was—" returned Helen, and paused, as the door opened, and a lady and gentleman entered, unannounced.

"He was the most crotchety man imaginable, my dears, but highly aristocratic," broke in the lady, who, flitting from one to another of the three girls, imprinted a kiss on both their cheeks; six kisses in all, as Quiz was wont to say. "Now, my dears, tell me all about it," she added, sitting down in a large easy-chair, and arranging her skirts.

"Ha! here is my friend Lisle," exclaimed M. d'Angère, stooping over the baby, uplifting him, and placing him on his knee, as he seated himself in the opposite arm-chair.

Three small dogs, a terrier, a mongrel, and a Blenheim, arranged themselves on the hearthrug, and were soon variously tormented by Quiz.

"There is nothing to tell, aunt," said Isabella, glancing at Miss Poore, and stitching away. "Mamma wrote to inform us of Uncle Lisle's death, which took place early yesterday morning, and to order me to get mourning at once."

"A great expense and trouble for your poor mother—and, indeed, for all our family. I should not have worn black, for it does not become me, only mon Alphonse thinks it proper, and I always wish to do what is right. You see, we offended Uncle Lisle when we married, and we don't expect a penny of his money. Your mother does, poor love! and so do the rest of our family—and with some reason, for they have done their best to please him."

"A difficult occupation," chuckled monsieur, dancing the baby on his knee, and drawing a gold snuffbox from his waistcoat-pocket, which caused Lisle to sneeze violently. "He like not the snuff, mon chou," he added, addressing his wife.

"He will get used to it, mon ami, like the dogs," she replied, amiably. "They are all so fond of your uncle, girls—everybody is that knows him, and I am sure it is not surprising—so clever, so accomplished, so elegant. You should have seen him when we went to Paris, and how

we were fêted—just as if we were a prince and princess. Oh! I shall never forget that day on the boulevard!"

"Tell us about it, auntie!" cried Quiz, running to her aunt's side.

"Not on this occasion, ma mie," interrupted monsieur, imbibing the aromatic snuff in spite of Lisle, who was occupied with a large bunch of seals that hung from his watch-chain.

"Another time, my loves," said Madame d'Angère, with an attempt at melancholy, and spreading out her bonnet-strings. "You understand, this is a mournful occasion. But whenever I think of Uncle Lisle I become severe on account of our dear Cousin Lucy—you remember her, Miss Poore?"

"I should think I did, ma'am! She was a sweet young lady," returned the mantua-maker, quietly.

"Do tell us all about her, auntie!" cried Quiz; "there is no harm in that, if there is in the boulevard."

"Ha, ha! the boulevard! That was delightful! Lucy was my favourite cousin, dears, and, as you know, Uncle Lisle's only daughter. But you have heard her story a hundred times. She went to school over the water, and managed to offend Uncle Lisle by marrying a poor lieutenant and going to India, where they both died. But we all offended him. He has never invited me to the manor since I married your uncle—the most elegant of men; a chevalier and—"

"A poor teacher of language," interrupted monsieur.

"We must try on the frocks, aunt," said Isabella, at an appealing glance from Miss Poore.

"Do, love! I delight in seeing things tried on," replied Madame d'Angère. "Alphonse, we are in no hurry; we have nothing to do, I think?"

"Absolutely nothing, mon ami. The days flow smoothly, and we do as we like since I have relinquished my professorship of language."

"But we can't dress and undress before Monsieur d'Angère!" exclaimed Isabella, decidedly.

"Pardon! I go, and return for madame," said that gentleman, rising hastily, and placing Lisle on the hearthrug, who, however, was not to be so abandoned. He clung to the watch-chain, thereby endangering a remarkable gold repeater, which was the admiration of the children.

"I take him with me!" cried monsieur, rescuing his watch and disappearing with the baby.

"That is a blessing!" remarked Isabella.

"He is the most amiable man in the world! I have never seen him out of temper. See how the dogs insist on following him. Let out Doudoux and Frou Frou, Quiz; Loulou must stay with me. Here, my treasure!—my beauty!" and the Blenheim leapt on his mistress's lap.

Thus the room was cleared, and a long dissertation on dress followed between Madame d'Angère and Miss Poore. All this took much time, and during the interval bandboxes full of black hats arrived, which had also to be adjusted to the heads of the children. Madame d'Angère was convinced that one of them would suit her, and tried it on before the chimney-glass.

"It is too young for you, aunt," said Isabella. "I am sure she looks very pretty in it," argued Helen; "it becomes her fair hair."

This was a soothing compliment after Isabella's rebuff, and Madame d'Angère settled to keep the



"PARDON! I GO AND RETURN FOR MADAME!"

hat, adding, "And you shall trim it for me, Miss Poore, with a little crêpe and a feather I have at home. After all, black is a change, and, as Helen says, becomes a blonde."

Tea was announced, and Isabella hurried off to a small and somewhat untidy breakfast-room. Here she found monsieur and Lisle, happy as princes, and the former expressed himself quite willing to stay to tea, albeit tea was a beverage of which he never partook.

"M. Lisle, he will drink mine," he said; but Isabella carried Lisle off to his nurse.

When tea was over Isabella proposed that her aunt should remain to help with the mourning and monsieur took up a book and consoled himself in the breakfast-room. Time sped on, and evening and the lamp waned together.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a letter was brought by Drudge, and presented to Isabella.

"From mamma! How did it come?" asked the latter.

"The coachman from the manor brought it express, miss; he has galloped all the way."

"Give him some supper, Drudge—ale, whatever there is."

Drudge departed, and Isabella opened her letter. She looked aghast as she read it. It was as follows:—"Stop the mourning. Don't buy another yard, or put in another stitch. Send back everything. Don't spend a penny if you can help it. I will explain when I get home, after the funeral. Tell Miss Poore you will not want her again. Take care of yourselves, and be economical. The

will has not been read yet. Don't let this about the mourning transpire. In greatest haste, &c."

"I don't understand it, but mamma says we shall not want you any more, Miss Poore," said Isabella, with her customary resolution.

"Very well, Miss Dallimore," replied Miss Poore, offended, rising and gathering up her implements.

The others were all alive with curiosity; but Isabella said no more until Miss Poore had departed. Then she read her missive aloud. The general consternation may be imagined, and culminated in the summons of M. d'Angère.

"They have learnt probably that they are not mentioned in the testament," he said, with an inward chuckle.

"But the will has not yet been read, Alphonse," put in his wife. "Fortunately the hats have not been purchased, and, after all, black does not really become me."

"But we must pay for all that is cut out!" exclaimed poor Isabella. "And the servants' gowns nearly made."

"And our nice frocks," sighed the children.

"Let us hear what Ratigan has to say about it. May Quiz call him in, Isabella?" asked madame.

No objection was made, and the coachman who brought the letter was summoned. When he appeared Madame d'Angère tripped up to him and shook hands with him. He was a stolid-looking old man, who stood with his right hand extended, as if in the act of driving, and the thumb of the left in the armhole of his waistcoat.

"So your poor master is gone at last, Ratigan," said madame. "Do you know why you were sent over post haste so late this evening?"

"I knows as the roads is very slippery, miss—ma'am, and that the servants' mourning is stopped. That's all I knows," was the aggrieved reply. "They do say as Dr. Foss come and stopped it. But what right he have at the manor is unbeknown to me. I only wish as Miss Lucy had never left home; then, maybe, she'd be living now. But, to be sure, we're bound to submit to Providence, as Mr. Churchhouse was saying yesterday."

"He did preach you a sermon, then?" asked monsieur. "The homilies are good, if we have money or if we have none. I have many preach to me during my life."

"Yes, sir; but I likes a fruitful sermon," replied Ratigan, at which monsieur chuckled.

Little was extracted from the coachman, beyond the fact that his master had refused to see any of his relatives except Mr. Churchhouse, who was his vicar as well as nephew-in-law, and a good man. Nobody knew how he had left his money, but it was supposed amongst his nieces. At the word "nieces" the coachman paused, remembering to whom he was speaking.

"Don't mind me, for I expect nothing and shall not be disappointed," said Madame d'Angère.

"The old gentleman had not too much love for me," remarked her husband. "Did he make a good death?"

"Well, sir, I shouldn't like to say," replied Ratigan, gravely; and Monsieur d'Angère grew serious also.

It was truly a grave and serious question, and the children's inquisitive faces became solemn as it was propounded and answered.

The nieces alluded to were Mrs. Dallimore, Mrs. Churchhouse, wife of the vicar of Lisle, Mrs. Conquest, married to a London barrister, and Madame d'Angère.

CHAPTER II.—THE SQUIRE'S FUNERAL.

ON the day appointed for Squire Lisle's funeral, a woman and a little girl were walking along the country road that led to Lisle Manor.

It was a mild day in winter, and the sun shone brightly on the downs that surrounded and almost enclosed the hamlet, fields, and numerous lanes and paths through and near which they sauntered. The woman seemed weary and silent, but the child chattered merrily as she went along; now pointing out one object, now another, or pausing to examine some plant, stone, or insect that attracted her attention. The word "mamma" was frequently uttered in her innocent prattle, but her mother took no heed of it, and wandered on listlessly, without replying to her little girl, or even noticing her words or actions. Her face was wan and white, and there was a strange, vacant, far-away look in her dark eyes, that betokened, if not exactly insanity, at least lack of intellect. An occasional movement of the hands, and muttered scarcely audible words on the lips, also indicated the wandering mind. If she breathed a sound the child was at once all attention, and "Yes, mamma," "What, dear mamma?" welcomed it; while a pair of bright blue eyes were turned eagerly towards her, and two small gloveless hands were laid on her arm. But she went on her way mechanically, while the little girl, who seemed accustomed to her mood, was sometimes in advance of her, and sometimes in the rear; now talking to herself, now addressing the birds that twittered on the spray, or the animals that she spied through the gates or gaps in the hedges. Sometimes she would bid her mother hearken to the bleat of the sheep, and this would take effect, and cause her to pause a moment in a curious listening attitude, with eyes fixed on the smooth downs but there was no perceptible interest. At last they reached a point where four roads met, and a cross was erected to indicate whither they tended. Here the woman stopped to consult it, apparently as to the route, while the child read out the names on its four directing arms.

"To Lisle. See how funnily the hand points, mamma," she said, indicating the outstretched finger painted on one of the four arms.

"Quick, Aveline," cried the woman, hurrying on in that direction.

"Yes, dear mamma," cried the child, dancing at her side.

But the mother's pace soon slackened into a dawdling gait, and the little girl again began to examine the objects around her.

The road was singularly solitary. Although they must have walked nearly two miles, they had not encountered a human being. At last, how-



ON THE WAY TO LISLE MANOR.

ever, they reached a turning which led to a farmhouse that lay nestled in a hollow not far off, and here were signs of life. One or two men were labouring in a field, and another was engaged in a sheepfold a few yards down the lane. The bleat of a lamb attracted the child, who was led irresistibly to run a few paces towards the spot whence the sound came. She reached the fold where some of the early lambs were penned with their mothers, and a cry of delight penetrated the still air from her clear young voice.

"Mamma! mamma! See the pretty lambs!" she shouted.

"Ay, they be fine and yearley, my little dear," said a man who was engaged in putting turnips into the fold.

A shriek of "Aveline" was the response she received from her mother, and she hurried after her. But her childish attention was soon caught by a cheerful whistle, and she perceived a horse and cart in advance of them, at the side of which a carter was walking slowly, accompanied by a dog as brisk as she was herself. She ran towards the dog, which jumped upon her, at which her mother exclaimed, "Down, Frisk."

"Do you know the dog, mamma?" she asked.

"His name isn't Frisk, but Toby," explained the stolid youth who drove the cart.

"Nice Toby," said the child, running after her mother, attended by the dog.

They suddenly found themselves at the summit of a short hill, the first symptom of rising ground they had met. On either side was a rocky bank overtopped with trees, which quite shut out the sight of the delightful downs, and seemed strangely gloomy after the bright open country through which they had passed. Heavy shadows from rocks and trees fell across the road, and the darkness and loneliness oppressed the child. She stood a moment with her finger on her lip, as if

afraid to descend the hill, and again Toby leaped upon her. The friendly act encouraged her, and she went to her mother and took her hand, as if she fancied that she, too, might be troubled by the unexpected gloom. On the contrary, however, she began to run rapidly down the hill, dragging Aveline with her, and Toby followed, barking with glee. Before they reached the bottom a little nest of thatched cottages was visible, surrounded by trees, and once more the sunny downs were in sight. The child's face expressed joy, and the mother's brief intelligence.

"There! there!" she exclaimed, pointing to a church-tower beyond the cottages.

"Yes, dear mamma. What is the name of the place?" asked the child.

A smile was the only reply, and the gleam faded from the dark eyes.

Still, a sort of instinct induced her to turn out of the country road, and to pass through a couple of open iron gates on the left. Here Aveline had amusement enough, for on either side of a broad road were high shrubberies, amongst the thick leafage of which berries of red, white, and black shone, while the hardy laurustinus showed her white blossoms. Indeed, the mildness of weather and climate indicated autumn rather than winter, and the high walls of evergreens seemed impervious to atmospheric changes. Behind the said walls grew trees, which met in arches above the avenue, but being at that time nearly bare, did not intercept the sunshine.

This bright and pleasant picture was suddenly darkened by a strange and melancholy scene—that is to say, if a simple funeral procession can be called melancholy or strange. The woman and little girl were met by six labourers, bearing a plain oaken coffin. No sign of mourning appeared, neither did sorrowing friends follow. The bearers wore the ordinary Sunday clothes of

working men, and neither pall nor inscription covered or marked the coffin.

The woman stood aside to let the funeral pass, and the child shrank behind her, seizing her hand. But no sooner had it gone by than, as if by some impulse, they turned and followed, silent and unobserved, the woman pressing forward, and plucking laurustinus blossoms as she went.

Was it a pauper's funeral, with its unadorned coffin, its mourningless bearers, and the shabby, drooping woman and child in its wake? So the spectator might suppose. Slowly and noiselessly they wound down the avenue and entered the village road. Although the church was close by no bell was tolling, and, as they almost immediately reached the churchyard gate, they were met by no person on the way. But within the gate a crowd had assembled, bare-headed and with awestruck faces. No word was spoken, and as the white-robed priest met the funeral and preceded it into the ancient church, the stillness seemed almost awful. But the spectators followed, and the sound of their footsteps relieved the oppressive calm, while the solemn voice of the clergyman was heard, repeating those blessed words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Instinctively, as it would seem, the mother and child went into a high pew, curtained and seated with faded crimson. Here the one stood and listened to the solemn service, while the other buried her face in the cushions in childish terror. It was curious to watch the tall, thin, drooping woman looking on with half inquisitive, half distraught eyes, and the so lately energetic child curled up on the seat, her feet on a high hassock, her head on the two little arms that she had laid beneath her face upon the crimson damask. The solemn service was read with devout feeling, and the rustic congregation listened with an awestruck wonder unusual in those so well accustomed to watch brothers and sisters committed to the grave. When the last impressive words of that most consolatory and hopeful fifteenth of Corinthians were read, and the bearers proceeded to uplift the coffin, the pale woman crept from the pew and followed with the rest, but the child did not move.

As the beautiful service was continued beside the open grave the woman stood amongst the other spectators, not seeming to listen, but gazing on the gabled windows of the old manor house in the distance. Her attention was recalled, however, by the sounds which commit "dust to dust," and she made her way through some of the bystanders, as if to see whence those sounds proceeded. The country folk were reverently casting earth upon the coffin, seeing which she threw in the bunch of laurustinus she had gathered from the shrubbery, and then withdrew, uttering a strange, wailing cry. An old man took her by the arm and held her, looking at her with surprise.

"Who is it?" she muttered, as if curiosity had recalled reason for the moment.

"Hush! Squire Lisle," returned the old man, who held a prayer-book in one hand.

She threw up her arms and fell down upon the sward.

The man, who was both clerk and sexton, raised

her, and drew her away from the grave. She had not fainted, and glanced round with a look of uncertain inquiry which was inexpressibly affecting.

When the service was concluded the people still lingered, talking to one another in low, solemn voices. Even the clergyman remained, and while he stood looking into the grave, the sexton pointed out to him the woman who had uttered the cry he must have heard. They approached her, and she retreated frightened.

"We will not hurt you," said the clergyman, kindly, quickening his steps.

But she shrieked, turned, and fled. She ran through the churchyard, out by a small side gate, into the little street of the hamlet, so swiftly that had they attempted to follow her they could not have overtaken her. They watched her so far, when a turning in the street hid her from sight.

"Who is she?" asked the clergyman.

"Nobody knows, sir; but I saw her throw flowers upon the coffin," said one.

"And I be sure she be stark staring mad," put in another. "She was in the squire's pew all through the service, making grimaces."

"I see her run down the lane wi' a little girl, and turn up to the manor," said the carter, already noticed, who had managed to be in time for the funeral.

"We be all mad," remarked the sexton. "I've been in this parish, man and boy, hard upon four-score year; and I and my vather before me have a-dug every grave all that time, but I'll warrant me we never digged such a one as this 'ere; I little thought to a zeen the day when a Lisle should be buried like a pauper, wi' nobody but a maniac to drow a vlower upon his coffin."

"It is strange indeed, Biles! but it was the squire's will, and we are bound to attend to it," replied the parson. "Will some of you look after that poor woman, and bring her to the vicarage?"

"Yes, sir, I wull," said the carter, whose name was Dan Lane, hastening down the churchyard.

Parson and clerk returned to the grave, and while the one, in his capacity of sexton and gravedigger, began to shovel the earth down upon the coffin, the other looked on with a grave, perplexed, and melancholy air. He was Mr. Churchhouse, who had married a sister of Mrs. Dallimore, and was incumbent of the parish of Lisle. When, at last, he turned from the grave with a sigh, the cottagers, who were still standing about, greeted him as he passed them with bows and curtsies but it was evident that he was too much preoccupied to notice them. He walked quietly towards a private gate that led into the grounds belonging to the manor, and disappeared.

CHAPTER III.—A VELINE LEFT ALONE.

THE little Aveline slept long and soundly in the cushioned pew; she would have been left alone in the ancient church but for the dog Toby. His master had, with natural curiosity, left his cart and horses to follow the funeral, and his canine friend, with equally natural curiosity, had peeped in and out of the different pews until

he came upon the child who had noticed him so pleasantly. He was as tired as she was, and when he had sniffed and snuffed at the mouldy old cushions, and stood upon his hind legs to look at her, he jumped upon the said cushion, and finally lay down with his head towards hers and composed himself to sleep.

The church in which they slept was so old that it was even said to have originated in Saxon days. If so, no traces of that early period remained; but a small Norman arch and windows in a state of decay betokened its rebuilding by those who succeeded the Saxon in the conquest of Britain. Squire Lisle had declined to aid in its restoration, saying that he liked the graceful aisles and arches and the worm-eaten carved woodwork because they were old, and did not desire to see them renewed in his day. Above the pew in which Aveline slept was a monumental brass recording the death of a Lisle in the sixteenth century, and all around her were antique, half-defaced tablets, interspersed with modern monuments. Indeed, to judge from these, the Lisles must have been a family as worthy as it was old, for their good deeds were chronicled both in Latin and ancient and modern English, until the beholder was astonished at the excellence of the race. Still, the Jewish final clause was applicable here as in Old Testament days—"He slept with his fathers," for the last Lisle had just been interred where his ancestors slumbered till the "final trump" should arouse them. Yet not actually in their sepulchre, since he had willed to lie in the churchyard rather than in the mouldy vaults.

The church was damp and chill, despite an attempt at a fire kindled by the old sexton in the squire's honour, in a hideous stove that defaced the aisle and pierced the wall; and a church-restorer would have been scandalised at much to which the congregation were indifferent. Still, the vicar had restoration at heart, and hoped the time would come when the "old things should become new." But Biles, the sexton, argued that what had been good enough for the squire and his father was good enough for him, and "he hoped he shouldn't live to see the old church mauled about by them architects."

It was dusk before he had finished heaping up the earth on the squire's grave. He had many visitors during this process, and they delayed him in his work. They had all much to talk about.

"I wonder who will have the land and who the money?" said one.

"I shouldn't be surprised if the parson come in for a good slice; the squire was mighty fond of him. I hopes he wull," replied Biles, shovelling away. "I suppose they'll put a fine marble monument over the grave by-and-by. Go you, Thomas, and pick some laurel to stick about. I can't abear to think o' a Squire Lisle o' Lisle wi' nothing but the bare earth auver his head."

A lad who was standing by ran to the thick laurel hedge that divided the manor grounds from the churchyard, and soon returned with an armful of branches.

"There, that's as smooth and tidy as I can make it to-day," remarked Biles, leaning on his

spade and contemplating the spot beneath which lay the mortal remains of him who had been to him as a sort of feudal prince. "There baint much difference atween us now, squire!"

"I s'pose they're reading the will," said one.

"They've a-read un' by this time," returned Biles, taking the laurel from Thomas's hands and sticking it in regular rows over the grave. "Measter always let us have so much as we wanted to stick in the pews at Christmas, and sure he wouldn't begrudge us this!"

"Who'd a-thought it? The squire to a-come to this! and all of his own free will!" ejaculated an old woman, rubbing her hand across her eyes. "He be right alongside o' Miss Cunningham. Wull, he might a-lay a-nigh a worse 'ooman. Why didn't 'ee toll the bell, Biles?"

"Mus'n't," said the aggrieved Biles—"not so much as threescore and thirteen strokes to tell how old he war. But what's the odds? we're all dust! There, now, I'll just go and shut up the church. I never thought to a-lived to see this day!"

The sexton hobbled away, leaving a little group behind him, and went into the church to extinguish the fire in the stove. On his way he passed the Lisle pew, and paused, muttering, "Who'll sit here now, I wonder? 'Twas always empty enough wi' only the squire, now 'twill be emptier. Lawk a massy! what's this? Why, here's Dan Lane's dog, Toby, asleep wi' a gurl beside un'."

He went into the pew. The last rays of a winter sunset were glinting feebly through the small Norman window above the brazen tablet, and fell on the rosy cheek of the little girl.

"Bless her little heart! who be she?" muttered Biles, stooping over Aveline, which caused Toby to jump up with a bark that aroused her.

"Yes, dear mamma!" she murmured, as if answering some question, as she opened her eyes and met those of the astonished sexton. "Mamma! where are you, dear mamma?" she added, starting up.

"Who be 'ee, little un?" asked Biles.

"Where is mamma?" she returned.

She got up and looked about her. The blue eyes fell on nothing but the roof and arches of the old church. She glanced appealingly from Biles to Toby, then seemed about to leave the pew.

"Come along o' me, I'll find her," said the sexton; and she put her hand confidently in his.

They left the church together, followed by the dog. In the churchyard they were met by Dan Lane, the carter.

"Oh my! Here you be, then, after all, Measter Toby, and here's the little gurl, as sure as I'm alive. I was coming to tell Mr. Churchhouse as I can't find her mother nowheres," he said.

Aveline, who was looking on all sides, cried out at these words and let go the sexton's hand. But she soon recovered herself.

"Mamma will come back and fetch me," she said. "She always remembers where she left me;" and she ran off towards the church.

The old sexton hobbled after her, while Dan, whistling to his dog, went in search of the vicar.

Aveline made her way to the crimson-curtained pew, where Biles joined her.

"You can stop there while I put out the fire," he whispered, looking into the child's face.

"She is sure to come back," she said, confidently, and climbed up on the seat to watch the door, while Biles went to extinguish the already nearly dead embers in the stove.

This done, he returned to Aveline.

"Now, my purty, you must come along o' me. I must lock up, and it's anigh dark."

"May I see if she is hid away first?" she asked.

The kind old man, willing to satisfy her, led her round the church, and it was not until they had peered into the pews, and glanced behind the pillars, that she consented to leave it.

"I will stop here in the porch till she comes back," she said, shivering slightly, as the big key turned in the chancel door.

"But I'm bound to lock up the gate too," argued Biles, pointing to the bars which enclosed the porch, and therewith the coals for the stove.

"Then I'll stop outside. Mamma's sure to come and fetch me," was the reply.

The sexton was at his wits' end. The child planted herself against the iron gate as soon as it was locked, and appeared to have made up her mind to remain. There was an expression of resolution in the sweet rosy face, that Biles, who had had much experience in children and grandchildren, was inclined to call obstinacy.

"You can't bide here all night," he said.

"Only till mamma comes back. She will soon be here," she replied, tears springing to her eyes.

At this juncture Dan and Toby reappeared, and the latter frisked round Aveline.

"Can't see the vicar, nohows. They be a reading o' the wull," whispered Dan to Biles.

"Mustn't leave her here all night, whether the mother do come back or no," returned the puzzled sexton, rubbing his grey head.

"I'm not afraid, if Toby may stay with me," said quick-eared Aveline. "He likes me because I love dogs."

At this moment another dog appeared on the scene, a retriever, that growled at Toby. He was followed by a youth, at whose advent the men touched their hats.

"Here be a little gurl, Measter Leonard, and we don't know what to do wi' her," said Biles.

Leonard went up to Aveline, and stooping over her, inquired kindly what she was doing there. Both were nearly invisible for the obscurity. She returned the accustomed answer—that she was waiting for her mamma. The poor child was now the centre of a little group, for some of the villagers had come to learn what was happening. One woman affirmed that she had seen Aveline's mother run like mad through the village; another, that she took the turn up to the downs, and Dan was convinced that she had run away for good. At this Aveline began to cry.

"If you will come with me I will ask my uncle to find your mother," said Leonard, who was an orphan nephew of the vicar.

"Mamma will only come here," sobbed the child. "I won't go away, or I shall lose her."

Saying this, she clung to the bars of the porch gate. While this was passing a gentleman and lady came through the shrubbery entrance from the manor to the church, and walked arm-in-arm down the churchyard path. Seeing the little crowd, they paused to inquire.

"Bring the child to the vicarage," said the gentleman.

"She will not come," replied Leonard; then added to Aveline: "I will wait here all night till your mother comes, and bring her to you."

"So wull I," added Dan, stoutly.

The moon rose behind the downs, as if to enlighten the obscurity of the scene, and revealed the terrified face of the forsaken little one, as she looked from one to another of those who surrounded her. Mrs. Churchhouse approached her, and asked her one or two questions, to which she received no answer but sobs.

"You must come with me," said the vicar, decidedly, trying to unclasp the little hands which clung to the bars.

"I shall lose mamma. She will not know where to find me!" shrieked the child, holding fast by the gate.

But he succeeded, with difficulty, in disengaging her hands, and removing her from the church porch into the path. She struggled and cried, but more with grief than passion. Again the two youths assured her that they would watch for her mother, upon which she broke from the vicar and threw her arms round the knees of his nephew.

"Let me stay with you. Mamma runs away from strangers," she appealed.

"You must trust to us to do what is best for your mother, child," said the vicar; "but you cannot remain in this place all night. To-morrow we will do our best to restore you to her."

Either the decided manner or the words awed the child, and she yielded. Still clinging to Leonard, she allowed herself to be half carried through the churchyard, sobbing violently, and followed by the little crowd—all save Dan, who remained to watch for her mother.

"What shall we do with her? We have already had bother enough for one day, and I am tired to death," said Mrs. Churchhouse to her husband.

"We must put her up somewhere. Too late for the Union," was the reply. "Take her to my study, Leonard."

The youth led her through the moonlit shrubs, up the gravelled walk, to the peaceful vicarage. He was in advance of the others, so he opened the door, crossed a comfortable hall, and went into his uncle's study. Here was a good fire, towards which he gently impelled Aveline. But she was sobbing and trembling so violently that he looked anxiously towards the door, which he had left ajar, in the hope that they would be quickly followed by his uncle and aunt.

This youth's name was Leonard Leigh, and he had lived many years at the vicarage of Lisle. He was, indeed, dependent on his uncle, who had taken him to his home on the death of his widowed mother, the vicar's only sister. He was sixteen years of age, and so manly-looking that strangers reckoned him at least two years older.



LEONARD LEIGH PROMISES TO FIND MAMMA.

As he lifted the sobbing child into his uncle's easy-chair and stood beside her, the firelight fell on a face that was not only handsome but intelligent. The quick dark eyes betokened resolution, the working brows and mouth, sympathy.

"I wish you wouldn't sob so," he said at last, kneeling down before Aveline, and taking her little hands. "It's no good, you know, and will not bring your mother back."

"She went away before—and—and—I couldn't find her for ever so long," sobbed the child.

"But she came back at last! I will bring her to you to-morrow, if Dan Lane and Toby don't find her to-night," said Leonard. "She cannot have left the island at this hour. Some one is sure to have taken her in."

"Quite sure?" asked the child, starting up and fixing her streaming blue eyes on his.

"Quite sure," he replied, confidently. "Where did you come from? and how did you get here?"

"From Bristol—in the train first—then in a big steamer—then in a coach—and then we walked ever so far through the pretty fields and lanes, till we saw that boy and Toby, and the funeral, and the church—and—and—I fell asleep—and—poor mamma went away."

She began to sob again.

"Now, if you cry, I shall never be able to find her," exclaimed Leonard, knitting his brows.

"Have you had any tea?"

Aveline shook her head, and made a great effort at composure. He got her to promise not to stir till he came back, and left her to go in search of food. Alone, she gave vent to her grief, and the words, "Mamma! dear mamma! where are you?" sounded through the quiet library. Another friend arose in the shape of the large retriever that had previously growled at Toby. Dogs ever sympathise with the grief of childhood. He put one

big paw upon her lap, and looked inquiringly into her face. She was frightened for a moment, but soon placed her small hand on his head, and stroked it. At this, another paw was laid on her lap, and he rubbed his cold nose against her face. Then she twined her arms round his neck and abandoned herself to her sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WILL.

WHEN Leonard left Aveline, he crossed the hall to the drawing-room, where he found his uncle and aunt and their daughters in grave discussion.

"May that little girl have some tea, aunt?" he asked abruptly, thinking only of Aveline.

"Pray don't interrupt us, Leonard," replied Mrs. Churchhouse, peevishly. "Tell Gentle to see to her."

"Remain with her till I come," said Mr. Churchhouse, who was accustomed to command and be obeyed.

"I hope something will turn up for Leonard soon. I am sure we shall not now be able to support him much longer," said Mrs. Churchhouse, as Leonard disappeared.

She emphasised the *now* in a way that was quite comprehensible by her family, for at that moment they were discussing her uncle's will. She and her husband had just returned from the reading of it, and were neither of them in the best of humours. The daughters, who were young and inquisitive, were anxious to learn what would be their own peculiar increase of income, and whether Uncle Lisle had left them anything.

"Not a penny, girls, not a penny. Not so much as a five-pound note to buy a mourning ring," said their much-aggrieved mother. "Mourning

ring, indeed! why, he ordered that no one, not even his valet, should wear black for him. I am sure I was always very fond of him in a way, and did my very best to please him."

"We all did that, except Amicia," remarked Mr. Churchhouse, who, though annoyed, was amused at the disappointment of his family, "and I think she and her husband will be as much surprised at their thousand pound as we all are."

"But, papa, surely you have something. He thought so much of you. Did he forget you too?" asked Lucy, a lively girl of sixteen, who was seated on a low stool by the fire near her father, while Mrs. Churchhouse and the elder daughter, Sophia, were side by side on a neighbouring couch.

"By no means," replied the vicar, lugubriously. "I am that bugbear, residuary legatee, and not having enough on my hands already, have the honour to be a sort of co-guardian with the Court of Chancery of that fortunate individual the heir-at-law."

"Who is that? Not Leonard! Although he was so fond of him, he surely wouldn't have left the manor out of the family," cried the two girls.

"No. All the jealousy lavished upon *my* nephew was utterly thrown away. He still keeps his birth-right of poverty. But Uncle Lisle did not quite forget him. With grim irony he left him his old davenport, saying in his will that he believed he was the only person alive who would value it."

"I am sure I should not," exclaimed Sophia.

"But Leonard will—he likes relics," put in Lucy.

"Dear papa, do tell us who the heir really is? If it isn't mamma, it must either be Aunt Dallimore or Aunt Conquest, since you say he has left Aunt Amicia a thousand pounds. That is just what I expected to have."

"He that expecteth nothing will not be disappointed," and frequently agreeably surprised," said the vicar. "It is certainly true in this case."

"Mamma, who is it? Papa is so provoking!" asked Lucy.

"Master Lisle Dallimore Lisle!" returned her father, slowly, taking the words from the lips of his wife.

The girls threw up their hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "That baby!"

"That baby!" repeated their father. "And now, if you will hold your tongues, I will tell you all about it."

"And I will go and take off my things, for I am tired to death, and quite unnerved," said Mrs. Churchhouse, rising, and moving towards the door.

"Poor mamma! It is too bad," cried Lucy.

"To begin at the beginning," commenced Mr. Churchhouse, "Uncle Lisle left a particular paper with Dr. Foss, to be opened the day after his death. This contained the singular orders relative to his funeral. He desired that no one should wear any sort of mourning garment, hat-band, scarf, or other funeral accompaniment, for him, and that he should be buried in the churchyard beneath the east window. The grave happens to be near that of his former housekeeper, Miss Cunningham. He was to be borne thither by six of his labourers. They were to be dressed in

their ordinary Sunday clothes, and to wear nothing black. His coffin was to be of oak, without the usual plate and pall. This will account to you for the sudden orders that the mourning clothes should not be made. According to your Aunt Dallimore, her girls were already busy over theirs; but, fortunately, our distance from town saved us the expense. Not that I should have minded that, for I would much rather have spent a small income than that the whole Lisle family should be subject to the gossip of the island; besides, I liked Uncle Lisle, in spite of his reserve and pride."

"So did we, I'm sure," moaned Sophia.

"His will was certainly his greatest oddity," continued her father. "We all suspected that he wished the manor to go in the male line, and we knew that he was annoyed at his nearest of kin being females; but we little thought that he would constitute your Aunt Dallimore's youngest child heir of all. Don't interrupt. He has left him everything save a few legacies. The child had never offended him, says the will—for he had never seen him; and Aunt Amicia and her Frenchman had never curried favour. So this is how the rest of us are rewarded for our disinterested civilities. The manor is to be let, and all the money is to accumulate until Master Lisle is twenty-one, when he will come into a fine fortune, if he live. Of course he is to take the name of Lisle as his surname, and will therefore be favoured with duplicates of that ancient family distinctive. The possibility of his death is not contemplated; so, should he die before attaining his majority, I suppose litigation would ensue. But I hope he may thrive well, and prove a blessing to the church and parish."

"I suppose Aunt Dallimore is delighted?" said Lucy.

"As much so as propriety will permit," replied the vicar. "Hers is what is vulgarly called a 'wet grief,' that can afford to show itself. Ours is dry. She and the major started off as soon as the will was read, not liking, your mother supposes, to meet our disappointed faces. It is difficult to imagine the results of such a will. As its predecessors have been destroyed, we can never know how the squire disposed of the property before the birth of a boy into the family enabled him to act as he has done. Why he was so morose and peculiar we cannot tell, though he had reason to regret his unforgiving conduct to his only daughter. His co-heiresses may have overdone him with letters and slippers, but they never actually offended him. Still, ever since we have been in the parish, I have felt sure that some secret sorrow or remorse weighed him down. However, I have reason to believe that at last he was a sincere penitent and believer, and that he died in the certain hope of pardon through the atonement of our Lord. But I must see after that poor child."

So saying, Mr. Churchhouse left the room and went to his library. Here he found Aveline and his nephew in grave discourse. Leonard had asked the servants to give him some tea and bread-and-butter, which he had himself taken to her. He found her as we left her, with her arms round the retriever's neck. He prevailed on her with

difficulty to eat and drink, and by degrees soothed her into comparative calm. When Mr. Churchhouse appeared she began to sob again; but Leonard whispered that if she were not quiet he would not help to find her mother, and she restrained herself.

Mr. Churchhouse was a kind-hearted man of hasty temperament. His quick nature was reflected in his face and voice, and a stranger was apt to be angered by his manner. But those who knew him well understood that underneath an almost despotic government lay a very soft throne. He was about to check Aveline somewhat severely, when his nephew appeased him by assuring him that she had "promised to be a good girl."

"If I find mamma. If not, I can't help crying," whispered the child.

Mr. Churchhouse soon learnt all that she had confided to Leonard, after which he began to question her himself. His manner soon ceased to terrify her, though it was evident that there was something she was afraid to tell. But by degrees she became more communicative, and the innocent truthfulness of childhood prevailed.

"You say that your mother went away from you before. How did that happen?" he asked.

"They took her away," was the reply.

"They? Who? What had she done?"

"Nothing."

"Try to remember. If you tell the truth we shall then know better what to do to find her."

"Papa said she was mad."

"You have a father, then? What is his name?"

"Captain Roone. He is buried in the sea."

"Did you love him? Was he good to your mother?"

She shook her head, and hid her pretty face.

"Did they say your poor mother was out of her mind, my child, and place her in an asylum?"

"Yes—I think so."

Here the little creature began to sob, and Leonard crept towards her and took her hand in his. He knew that his uncle, being a magistrate, understood how to arrive at truth, and he feared what his next question might be.

"But she came back to you again, dear," proceeded the vicar, kindly, "and I have no doubt we shall see her here to-morrow. I understand now that she was terrified by the funeral, and by my approaching her. Did she often run away?"

"Only when papa was cross."

"Ah! poor things! Where did you all live?"

"He lived on the sea in his vessel almost always; we lived at the places his ship came to."

"You are quite sure he is dead?"

"Yes. His brig went down to the bottom of the sea in a great storm ever so far away."

"Do you remember where you lived last?"

"Number 9, Dock Villas, Bristol."

"Do you know why you came here?"

"I think mamma wanted to hide from those men who used to fetch her away. Oh, sir! will you let me go and look for her?"

The child sprang from her chair, as if in terror at some remembrance. Mr. Churchhouse drew her kindly towards him, put his arm round her, and assured her that search was being made.

"Was your mother in the habit of talking to you of the Isle of Wight?" he asked.

"I don't remember. She used to tell me stories of when she was in school, but she has not told me any for a long, long time."

"How old are you?"

"Eight. I was eight last October."

"Had you many friends in Bristol?"

"No; dear mamma was afraid of every one but Betsy and me. She thought they would take her away. But she was quiet with us, and was very fond of Betsy. Oh! my dear, dear mamma!"

Aveline withdrew from Mr. Churchhouse, covered her face with her hands, and tried hard to stifle the tears and sobs that were again beginning.

"What can we do with the child?" muttered the vicar. "Leonard, ask Gentle to come here."

Leonard obeyed, and soon returned with the housemaid. Her master bade her see that the little girl was taken care of, and that she was properly housed for the night. Gentle, who had been many years in the family, and "knew their ways," as she phrased it, made no demur, and was about to lead Aveline away, but the child clung to Leonard, and, with a sharp cry, entreated him to go with her to look for her mother.

"He must remain with me," said Mr. Churchhouse, decidedly. "In this house young people do as they are bid."

"But I will seek for your mother as soon as I have done what my uncle wants, and I will come back and tell you if I find her," said Leonard.

Aveline glanced from one to the other, and then at Gentle, who was a prim, discreet serving-woman of the old school, with a real cap on her head, and a genuine white apron over her gown. She made no further resistance, but allowed herself to be led from the library by this Abigail, still sobbing silently, "Mamma! dear mamma!"

CHAPTER V.—LEONARD'S LEGACY.

WHEN Mr. Churchhouse and his nephew were left alone, the former took a small packet from his pocket. It was in the form of a letter, but tied with green tape and sealed with a large red seal. Holding it in his hand, he carefully locked the door.

"Uncle Lisle asked me to give you this myself, when he was dead," he said. "He requested that no one else should be present, and that the transaction should be private between you and me. Of course the wish of the dying is sacred, and I shall never mention this letter to any one, unless it should be your and my duty so to do."

He placed the document in Leonard's hands; who turned it over with surprise and curiosity. On it was written, "For Leonard Leigh alone—to be given to him by Mr. Churchhouse."

"The poor squire! It was good of him to think of me. It feels like a bunch of keys," said Leonard.

"Yes. Probably the keys of the old davenport he has left you," replied the vicar.

And so it proved.

"The keys of Worsley Lisle's davenport, which is to be opened by Leonard Leigh only, and in private. He is to allow no one but himself to pry into it, and to keep its contents secret. He will find therein no personal good, for Worsley Lisle believes it is better for him to hew out his own way in the world than to have one cleared for him. But he may, with his indomitable will, find something for the good of others, and if so, he will do his duty more courageously for them than the testator has done his."

This was written on parchment, and enclosed with the keys, in the sealed envelope. Leonard read it.

"Very mysterious! But I am not forbidden to show you this, uncle," he said, placing the parchment in the vicar's hands, whose colour rose as he perused it.

"He trusts you more than me," he said.

"Because, as yet, I have not a wife and daughters, uncle," laughed Leonard. "The squire always said that he would never confide a secret to a married man."

"You seem to have been much in his confidence, sir," remarked the vicar, angrily.

"This is the first secret with which he has entrusted me, and it must be the last. When shall I have the davenport, uncle?"

"All in due course. I suppose you have heard how he has left his property?"

"No, but I am very curious to learn."

Then Mr. Churchhouse gave Leonard the history of the will, which did not appear to surprise that youth as much as it had done his aunt and cousins.

"Lisle is a jolly little fellow. How grand the Dallimores will be!" he exclaimed. "Why, de Fortibus will lord it over us all more than ever."

"Why do you call Isabella by that name?" asked the vicar.

"You know, uncle, that Isabella de Fortibus was lady paramount of the island, which is just what Isabella Dallimore would like to be. You must admit she is very overbearing, and all the boys call her de Fortibus. It is not my fault."

"But I have no doubt you encourage them."

As Leonard could not deny this, he changed the subject by inquiring as to what legacies the squire had left. To tell the truth, he chafed inwardly at having, himself, nothing but the old davenport; for one and another had been buoying him up with the hope of at least a thousand pounds.

"Annuities and legacies to the two or three servants who have been with him longest," returned Mr. Churchhouse. "Forty pounds a year to Ratigan, and he deserves it, for he has put up with more than most men; and twenty pound to old Biles, to see that no monument is erected to his memory."

A rattling at the handle of the library door, and a repeated knocking, here interrupted the conversation. It was Lucy, with the announcement that tea, or rather supper, was ready.

"Coming directly," shouted her father.

"I will stow away the keys, and then go and inquire if that poor woman has turned up," said Leonard.

Each did accordingly. The latter ran up to his bedroom and groped his way, in the moonlight, to a desk, placed on a chest of drawers, the key of which was in his pocket, and in which he carefully locked the keys of the davenport.

Then he stood a few moments to look out of his window on the downs that lay soft and sleepy beneath the moonlight.

"What if she should have drowned herself, and that pretty child be an orphan like me?" he muttered, with a shudder. "How could one eat and drink while there is such uncertainty?"

He hastened downstairs, paused a moment to listen to the clatter of voices and plates in the dining-room, and then went out.

He ran down the road to the small hamlet that lay nestled in the hollow below church, parsonage, manor, and downs. The lights twinkled cheerfully through each casement, and an odour of peace seemed to enwrap the thatch-covered cottages. He entered one of them. It was where Dan Lane lived, whose father was smoking his pipe, while the mother and various children were sitting about at work or play. He inquired for Dan, and was told that he had gone off after some mad woman who had run away and left her child behind her.

"Just as if there warn't children enough already," added Dan's father, looking at his brood.

Leonard proceeded to the sexton's cottage, where he found old Biles ruminating over his fire, while his aged wife was preparing his supper. He greeted his visitor warmly, but could give him no information concerning Aveline's mother.

"I see her run wild down the road," explained Mrs. Biles, pausing in her frying operations to face Leonard. "I be a getting a bit o' pig's fry for my old man, Measter Leonard. He did come in that shivery from burying the squire, you med a knocked 'im auver wi' a cullender."

"Buried like a pauper alongside of his house-keeper!" exclaimed Biles, uplifting his hands.

"I al'ays said as he wur fond o' Miss Cunningham. When she wur Madam Lisle's lady's-maid she wur a rare beauty, and held her head as high as her missus. And she wur a sight more pleasant than Madam Lisle. 'Twur queer she should a come back here to die, and lie alongside of her measter. But dust to dust! Bone to bone! Still he wur Squire Lisle o' Lisle. I hope they'll put un up a grand moniment."

"Then you haven't heard, Biles, that you are to have twenty pounds a year to see that no stone of any kind shall mark his grave?" said Leonard.

The old man and his wife turned suddenly round, the latter nearly upsetting the frying-pan. It was some time before they could be made to understand the nature of Mr. Lisle's bequest.

"The Lord bless un!" ejaculated Mrs. Biles, with uplifted hands.

"I'd rather a buried un in church wi' his forefathers than had the 'nuity," said Biles. "But a testament's sacred, an' no stone shall lie anear his grave so long as Joe Biles be clerk an' sexton o' Lisle parish. Nor his housekeeper's neither. I'll grow grass-seed, and plant two zypresses, as zure as I be Joe Biles."

Here Dan Lane looked in, and told Leonard

that a woman had been seen wandering up the downs, upon which the two lads left the sexton's cottage together in pursuit of Mrs. Roone, and hurried through the hamlet, and up the lane, until they reached the stile that led to the downs.

They knew every inch of them, and Leonard, especially, was acquainted with all the points of historical, geological, or antiquarian notoriety that lay between the manor and the sea on one side, and the manor and the county town on the other. They explored the latter route, because Dan had been told that the woman's steps had been turned that way. They sped over the dewy turf in the moonlight, glancing hither and thither, and expecting to find her they sought. They were, from time to time, encouraged in their hopes, for Leonard picked up a handkerchief at one point, and Dan a fragment of fringe off a thorny fence at another, while they fancied they could occasionally discern footprints on the dewy sod.

They found at last the object of their search. Leonard uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness as he suddenly perceived a recumbent figure beneath a large furze-bush. He ran towards it, and recognised the pale face of Aveline's mother. He stooped over her to see if she were alive or dead, and found that she breathed and slept. The moon, now high in the heavens, looked down pitifully upon the sleeper and touched the wan cheeks with her silvery rays.

Leonard feared to rouse her, lest she should again escape; so he knelt down beside her, and, motioning Dan to be ready, raised her so gently that she did not immediately awake. They lifted her from the ground between them, and in so doing her torn mantle fell off, and she uttered a little cry. Leonard fancied he heard the word Aveline. By the time they had managed to

place her on her feet she was quite aroused. As her garments were saturated with the dews from the skies, and her limbs stiffened by the chill of earth, her instantaneous efforts to escape from their grasp were ineffectual, and she raised a pitiful wail. Leonard spoke kindly to her, but she evidently did not understand him. He could only make out a few words of her disconnected lamentations. The principal idea in her mind seemed to be that she must escape from something; and, "Not to prison. Save me! oh, save me!" was audible amidst her incoherent cries.

The two youths had left the village of Lisle several miles behind them, so Leonard felt assured that it would be useless to think of retracing their steps. He was quick of thought and rapid of decision, and he resolved to take her to another hamlet that lay beneath the down. It was a difficult task, for the path was steep and slippery, the moonlight uncertain, and the poor creature refractory. Her cries went to Leonard's heart; still he and Dan held her fast, and supported her between them until they finally reached the rough fence and stile which led out of the downs into the roads that debouched variously from the slumbering village. Here a policeman walked his dreary rounds.

This functionary met our trio at the stile aforesaid. He had noted something unusual moving on the downs above him, and had patiently awaited its descent. Leonard soon made himself known, and informed the policeman of the state of the case. After some consultation, and with much difficulty, they induced the unfortunate woman to accompany them to a small inn, the host of which was well known to Leonard. They knocked him up, and his wife soon accommodated the weary wanderer, while Leonard resolved to remain in the parlour for the remainder of the



DAN LANE'S COTTAGE.

night, first bidding Dan return to Lisle with the news.

CHAPTER VI.—THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

IT came to pass in the natural course of events that the poor unknown wanderer, Mrs. Roone, and her child Aveline, were conveyed to the great union workhouse, or House of Industry, as it was called, at Parkhurst. We will pass over the terror of the one at the sight of the parochial authorities that sent her thither, and the joy of the other at the prospect of seeing her mother again. Suffice it to say that Mr. Churchhouse took the little girl himself, and Leonard accompanied her mother. The milk of human kindness flowed freely in our island, and every one concerned was desirous to do what was best and most rightful for both. Sympathy is more spontaneous and universal than we fancy, and there was no member of the family at Lisle Vicarage that would not have done all in his power to help the strangers to their home and friends. But it was deemed wisest that the inquiries should be made systematically, and that, pending these, the poor daft woman and her innocent little girl should be lodged where they would be properly cared for, and where they had a claim for consideration.

Naturally, these measures displeased Leonard, who, in his youthful enthusiasm, would have had them lodged in the empty manor, or anywhere but the workhouse. Still, this large asylum for the destitute was not to be despised. Seated on a hill on the outskirts of Parkhurst Forest, surrounded by green fields and cheerful roads, blown upon by genial breezes from down and sea, and consisting of airy, roomy apartments, the huge building was, on the whole, rather cheery than melancholy to look at. Some discontented persons chose to consider it a gaol, but when compared with its neighbour, the big convict prison, it looked more like a palace. And certainly, if only for change of air, the casual visitor must be benefited by a sojourn in this healthy spot, the selection of which for the maintenance of the poor proves that their richer brethren have no desire to wash their hands of them, since the charming site tends to longevity. The sound of the bugle and military movements, as heard from the neighbouring Parkhurst Barracks, must also be somewhat inspiring, and help to break the monotony of the industrial or suffering day.

A strange and interesting triad are these three great national institutions on the summit of that breezy hill and close to that ancient forest. Barracks, workhouse, prison! How suggestive! each with its chaplain, its surgeon, its hospital, and the whole trio covering an area of a hundred acres, and surrounded by forest land.

When Mr. Churchhouse and Aveline drove through the great iron gates, the child asked many questions, and seemed delighted with the cheerful aspect of the exterior of the union.

"Shall I soon see my dear mamma?" she asked. "And will they let me stay with her?"

"I hope so, my child," was the evasive reply.

Mr. Churchhouse was a magistrate, a guardian,

and a general benefactor of the poor, but he was too well acquainted with the rules of the establishment to answer with certainty. A man in fustian, who was working in the garden, hastened to hold his horse. The porter admitted him with alacrity, for he was a favourite, and every one knew that he would literally sell the coat off his back to help a distressed brother.

Aveline grasped his hand tightly as they passed through the great dining-hall, a hundred and eighteen feet long, and wondered if her "dear mamma" had been in that formidable place. But she saw little more of the interior of the building at that time because Mr. Churchhouse led her at once to the board-room, where two gentlemen awaited him. After a short whispered conference, he again took her hand, and, preceded by one of these, proceeded to another private room, where, to her great joy, she saw her mother. Heedless of the presence of the matron, Leonard, and two or three others, she ran towards her and threw her arms round her, with her usual pathetic cry of, "My dear mamma, I have found you!" But she met with no response. Her poor mother either did not recognise her at all, or was so occupied by her surroundings, that she took no heed of her. She was clinging to Leonard when her child greeted her, and she clung to him still.

"I fear it is a bad case; she does not know her child," said one of these, the doctor, to Mr. Churchhouse.

"She will! she will, by-and-by! She is frightened!" cried Aveline, facing the speaker.

"You need not fear; he is very kind," whispered Leonard, equally to mother and child.

It is useless to prolong this scene," said the doctor, taking Mr. Churchhouse aside; "she is evidently out of her mind. She is also ill, which may act upon her nervous system. She had better be sent to the infirmary pending inquiries, and you must prevail on the superintendent to let her little girl go with her; she understands her. You have already questioned her?"

"Yes, and I believe I know all she knows," replied the vicar.

The doctor motioned to the matron, who, after receiving his orders, went quietly up to Mrs. Roone, and asked if she would come with her. But the poor woman only waved her off and clung to Leonard. In spite of his true-hearted manliness, he was at a loss what to do; still he would not give in, but said, bravely,

"Leave her to me, doctor. Show us the way, and we will follow." Then to Mrs. Roone, with decision, "Now you must come with me."

She obeyed him meekly.

"I always said you were born to command, Leonard," laughed the doctor, leading the way. "Pity the squire hadn't made you his heir instead of that baby."

"I should have been a greater burden than I am now, doctor," returned Leonard. "Now I am only an incumbrance; then I should have been an innovator."

"Well put," was the reply.

To reach the infirmary they had to pass through the garden, which even at that wintry time was

not bereft of flowers, carefully nourished and tended by inmates of the house. The sight gave evident pleasure to the poor patient, who smiled and stretched her hand towards a rosebud that still lingered on a nearly leafless bush.

"May she have it? It will do her good," said Aveline.

The kind doctor plucked it from its stem and placed it in the child's hand. She instantly transferred it to her mother, across whose features flitted a gleam of intelligence, and the dear name, "Aveline," fluttered on her lips.

"Yes, my own mamma," exclaimed the child, and the mother took her hand naturally.

The doctor whispered to Leonard, "There is reason left. Leave her while it remains, and she is satisfied with the child."

Leonard obeyed, and felt almost annoyed that when he released himself from her whom he had been supporting he was not even missed. She was, as the doctor said, satisfied with her little girl. Still, he could not refrain from following to the infirmary. He went with his uncle into the superintendent's neat sitting-room, while the doctor took his charge elsewhere, and, after waiting there some time, had the somewhat disappointing satisfaction of learning from the doctor that Mrs. Roone was quietly submitting to rules.

"She, her child, and a nurse can be in the ante-room, and not in the general ward," he said. "As they are your *protégées*, you can just glance in upon them, Leonard."

He did so, and saw the poor soul seated by the fire, scenting her rose. Beyond, through an open door, he perceived the general convalescent ward, with its clean beds and various female patients, who, for the most part, liked to come over to the infirmary from the sick wards of the larger establishment. While the doctor was within he continued to peep through the opening, and was perceived by Aveline. She ran towards him.

"Dear mamma is quite well again now," she said. "They are so kind. There are no policemen or officers here, only good nurses. She knows me, and they won't shut her up. Thank you and the kind gentlemen, and the ladies, and everybody. See, she is looking for me! She misses me! Good-bye; good-bye."

She held her pretty face, radiant with hope, up to Leonard, and he stooped down and kissed her. He felt like a brother to this little girl, and he was sorry to think that circumstances might prevent their ever meeting again.

"The first act is over; let the curtain fall," said his uncle, with a sigh of relief, when he rejoined him. "Ah! this perplexing problem of what to do with the waifs and strays of life. Now, Leonard, come and drive me home, and we will look in on the Dallimores on our way, and see if they bear their honours meekly."

Leonard liked being charioteer, indeed, he liked everything that gave him the mastery, and that, from no desire to surpass his fellows, but from an inherent wish to excel in what he undertook. Ambition is of two degrees—the high and the low.

The former is comprehended in that incompre-

hensible word, *Excelsior*; the latter in the comprehensible one, *Vainglory*. The one would mount, helping rivals up the steep; the other would push on, keeping them back.

Leonard worked for work's sake, struggled from vigour of mind and body, helped others for the promptings of conscience. He was almost indifferent to applause, yet morbidly sensitive of rebuke. Because he was dependent, he was always fancying himself an obstructive, and, while pining for love, feared that nobody loved him.

As he drove through the clean, bright streets of the ancient and picturesque borough of Newport, and passed the quaint and antiquated grammar school, he said,

"My holidays are over next week, uncle. I shall be seventeen before next term ends, and what am I to do after that?"

"After that? The deluge, I should imagine, for nothing mundane seems to offer," replied Mr. Churchhouse. "I had hoped the squire would leave you at least a thousand pounds to give you a start; to article you to Mr. Redfern or apprentice you to Dr. Foss, or even send you to college, where you would be pretty sure of a scholarship. Now there seems nothing for it but to get a clerkship in the National Provincial, or—"

The next proposition remained unpropounded, for at that moment Leonard pulled up before the stone porch of Major Dallimore's broad-faced house. The major chanced to be lounging about outside, and came to welcome them with alacrity. He was a tall, large, broad-shouldered man of about fifty-five, who had nothing to do but to go shopping for his wife, and to obey, as in duty bound, the slightest behest of that admirable helpmeet; to make puns and jokes with everybody he met, and to spoil his children when Mrs. Major Dallimore was out of the way. That lady made a great point of the "Mrs. Major," because, she said, "The Mrs. Dallimores were legion."

"Very glad to see you. Was wanting to talk over this wonderful will," began the major. "Put up the mare at the Bugle, Leonard, and come back and take pot-luck with us."

Leonard obeyed, and when he returned he was met in the hall by Isabella, who had the now all-important Lisle in her arms. Although he called her "De Fortibus," he had a certain amount of sympathy with her, because she was independent, and disliked "humbug," as she phrased it.

"Come in here, Leonard," she said, leading the way into the breakfast-room. "Do you believe that the squire was in his right mind when he made that will? Of course we have the best of it. But here is this baby—Lisle, you mustn't suck your thumb now you are heir to all that wealth—this infant, who has to wait twenty years before any one will be the better for the manor."

"Excuse me, Isabella," broke in Leonard; "Chancery is sure to allow a good sum for his maintenance."

"A fig for Chancery. Everybody knows that what gets in there never comes out. But there is one comfort, we are to have a grand nurse to superintend this youth's nursery—don't suck your thumb, child—a new housemaid, so that Drudge may the better at-

tend to his food; a family doctor, for we already find that he is delicate, though he never ailed in his life; and I foresee that my authority will be set at naught."

"Poor Isabella!" ejaculated Leonard, maliciously. "But now you can go to Girton."

"We shall see about that!" returned the girl, loftily.

"Isabella! Where on earth are you? Where is that precious baby?" resounded through the house.

In another moment Mrs. Major Dallimore appeared. She was exceedingly short-sighted, and as she wore her glasses dangling from her neck—they were never on her nose at the right minute—she always appeared to be searching for somebody or something. She was careless as to dress, and on the present occasion wore no cap, and was adorned by one of Isabella's lawn-tennis aprons, which was too small for her. Leonard was wont to say that she always came up to him "butting like a bull." She did so on the present occasion as soon as she had taken the baby from Isabella.

"How d'ye do, Leonard? So, Uncle Lisle left you his old davenport? What on earth can you do with it? It is a lumbering, old-fashioned piece of furniture, that no one would care to have in their house."

"Not for the squire's sake, Mrs. Dallimore? Why, I would rather have it than a new one, because I have so often seen him writing at it."

"Oh! to be sure! And Lisle would not value it, never having known his uncle, who still chose to make him his heir. I declare he is going to cry. The precious is ill. You must go to dinner without me. Tell papa I will come directly."

The young people went to the dining-room, where the family were assembled for dinner. They were soon seated, and all ate with fine appetite, for when the major carved, he gave double rations, oblivious of the weekly bills. The conversation turned wholly on the will, and it was very evident that, strive as they would to appear humble, the Dallimores were much exalted by the disposition of the property. Leonard was seated between Helen and Quiz, who confided to him their disappointment when the orders came to stop the mourning, and the latter, who was his favourite, said that "Miss Poore had been offended ever since."

"It seems to me that every one is offended, except Lisle," said Leonard.

"Not papa and mamma; they are delighted," whispered Quiz. "And so are we, because we shall be ever so rich, and have new frocks, and new furniture, and all sorts of things, when the Lord Chancellor has settled Lisle's salary."

Leonard laughed, and thought, after all, that it was a pleasant thing to be heir-at-law.

CHAPTER VII.—BOTH ORPHANS.

THE time-honoured grammar school to which Leonard Leigh was indebted for his education was founded by Lord

Chief Justice Fleming in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He had been sent to it as a weekly boarder from the age of ten years, and had profited well by its teaching. In spite of numerous escapades, a high spirit and indomitable will, he had earned the good opinion of his masters, and was a favourite with his schoolfellows. They all looked upon him as a sort of champion scholar and athlete, and were, on the whole, proud of him. Still, nobody guessed what he would do with his gifts, mental and corporeal, because all knew that he was a penniless orphan, dependent on an uncle who possessed little or nothing beyond his church preferment. Happily for him, however, there lay beneath the varied strata of his character that best of all gifts—Faith. He trusted implicitly, with the trust of a child, in Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and, often to the displeasure of his friends, appeared careless of his future.

Leonard always thought of his school-house with particular interest, because in it Charles I had dwelt while the negotiation between him and his parliament proceeded. Often during the hours of study he would conjure up the faces of the ill-fated monarch and such church dignitaries as were with him, while divine service was performed in the very schoolroom, and would be lost in a tender pity for one who had subsequently been imprisoned in the neighbouring castle of Carisbrooke. Indeed, the castle itself was a place of intense interest to him, and he delighted to roam amongst its ruins.

M. and Madame d'Angère lived in the village of Carisbrooke, and would now and then invite him to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. This happened some weeks after that parting with the little Aveline which we have recorded, and on the Sunday morning he prevailed on his host and hostess to go to church at Newport instead of Carisbrooke, for he loved the service at the beautiful church of St. Thomas's, being usually condemned to what



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWPORT.

he considered the dreary routine of ancient Lisle. He had, moreover, other reasons for wishing to worship there on that particular morning.

While the organ was pealing forth its grand tones, his eyes wandered, as they always did, towards that sweet mural marble erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I, and he thought he would have fought to the death for the Stuarts, were their cause right or wrong, because they were unfortunate. He had often stood to gaze on the recumbent figure of the princess as she lay, with clasped hands and her head on the open Bible, within the broken bars of her prison-room, and he had wished that he were Baron Marochetti, to have carved such a memorial. And how he had desired to emulate him—Albert the Good—who had caused two stained-glass windows to cast a mellowed light on the sweet marble effigy of this daughter of a disrowned king!

From the monument there was but a glance to the altar. Here sat the children of the Blue School, in whom he took an interest. They were usually first at church, and M. d'Angère was never long after them. He was a methodical man, and liked to set a good example in the matter of regularity. Thus Leonard had time to look about him before the service began, and to glance from the inanimate marble, past the torn regimental colours, to the animate girls who were seated on the altar steps. His school was called a *free* grammar school, and educated some twenty boys of the town without charge; and here was another *free* school for twenty of the other sex. It had this advantage over the boys: its girls were clothed as well as educated. And how picturesque their dress was! They all wore large gipsy straw hats, surrounded by a band of red ribbon; white caps, white-bibbed aprons, long mittens, dark-blue serge frocks, and short cloaks. Their hair was smoothly brushed, Madonna-wise, and they all looked much as if they had suddenly started out of the canvas of some mediæval picture. Their conduct in church was so exemplary that Leonard was wont to wonder how they could be so well trained. They sat with their backs against the altar-rails, so that they were visible, in their old-world costume, to most of the congregation.

On this particular Sunday, one of these little girls seemed unusually restless, and Leonard noticed that there was movement among the generally prim and sedate young people, but he was too far off to distinguish individuals. The congregation was large, the service impressive, the music good, and to him there was everything to please, and something also, in spite of his best efforts, to amuse. It was impossible for him to sit near monsieur and madame without feeling his risible faculties stirred within him. No one in the large church repeated the responses so loudly as Monsieur d'Angère, and his foreign accent and nasal enunciation—the latter due more to snuff than consonants—were remarkable. Then his wife was in such a constant flutter of excitement over her flounces and bonnet-strings that it was difficult to be as devout as could be wished near them. Monsieur d'Angère was a very religious

man, and being somewhat proud of his English and his voice, joined in all the responses.

"Listen to M. d'Angère! How divinely he sings! Why does not every one join as he does?" his admiring wife whispered to Leonard.

When the service was over, and they reached the outside of the handsome church, they were met by the Dallimores.

"Where is your mother, Isabella?" asked Madame d'Angère.

"She is stopping at home with Lisle. He has something the matter with him," replied Isabella.

"Ah! *mon ami* Lisle! I am sorry. The great heirs are sure to ail," put in M. d'Angère.

Leonard was engaged with Quiz, when all of a sudden one of the Blue School children came breathless towards him, and seized him by the hand.

"They have taken away my dear mamma. Where have they put her?" she said eagerly.



AVELINE.

It was the child Aveline.

She was succeeded the next minute by the mistress of the school, from whom she had escaped. She had recognised Leonard when in church, which had been the cause of the movement among the children. The mistress apologised kindly for her, saying that she had only been at school a few days, and was very unhappy about her mother.

"Poor little girl! what is the matter?" asked Helen, compassionately.

"A disobedient child who was naughty in church," said Isabella.

"I only wanted to come to Mr. Leonard, because I have lost my mamma," said Aveline, tears pouring down her face.

"I will bring her home directly," whispered Leonard to the mistress. "I will be with you in time for dinner, if you will excuse me for half an hour," he added to Madame d'Angère.

As they were attracting attention, he did not

stay to explain matters, but went off down the High Street, holding Aveline's hand.

The streets were full of respectable church and chapel goers, some wending their way homewards, others towards the fashionable Mall for a few turns in the delightful sunshine. Nothing could be brighter, more cheerful, more unpretentious than the crowds. Here and there a red-coat from the barracks enlivened the scene, and everywhere the red brick houses and yellow sandy roads glowed beneath a sky as clear on that winter's day as if it had been summer.

Leonard hurried on, dragging the little girl with him. As he knew almost every one he passed, he nodded or spoke hastily as he went along, not wishing to answer inquiries concerning his charge. He reached the schoolhouse before the mistress and her little train of picturesque scholars. It was a low, dark, old-fashioned building, with a tablet over its door inscribed with the date and particulars of its foundation, and situated in a retired street. Here Leonard questioned Aveline, who looked round with evident terror.

"Why are you so frightened? Are they not kind to you?" he asked.

"Yes—they are kind to me; but my dear mamma, where have they taken her?" she replied.

As she spoke the mistress and the other girls arrived. The mistress told the children to go into their large schoolroom on the right of the passage, while she spoke to Leonard in her parlour on its left, but Aveline still clung to him.

"You shall see Master Leigh again, my dear, when I have spoken to him," said the kind woman, and she let go his hand submissively.

"I do not know what to do with her, sir," said the mistress, when she had closed the door. "She has more than once tried to run away, and all I can say to her only makes her more miserable. She is far beyond her years in her learning, and has been taught the rudiments of French and music. She is very well-behaved, or would be, but for this grief, and does everything I tell her."

"I believe it was quite by favour that my uncle got her into the school," said Leonard. "You know that her poor mother escaped from the workhouse one night, and has not since been heard of. It was supposed that she discovered the intention of the guardians to send her to an asylum. But she cannot be traced. Neither can her friends. All they have found out is, that her husband's name was Roone, and that he, and the ship of which he was captain, went to the bottom of the sea together."

"The little girl says her mother was not mad, only 'sorry,' as she expresses it," remarked the mistress.

"I do not think she was actually mad, neither does Dr. Foss," returned Leonard. "But she was next door to it, and driven into the melancholy state in which she was found by ill-treatment."

"It was strange the vacancy in the boards should have happened just now," said the mistress. "Squire Lisle was such a patron of the school, that Mr. Churchhouse got the presentation as his executor. But she is sure to run away, poor dear. Now I will bring her to you, sir, if I may."

When the child entered, her first words were, "Take me to my dear mamma;" but when the mistress left the room Leonard sought to pacify her by saying gently, "I cannot take you to her at present. But if you will stay quietly here, and try to be good and obedient, I will inquire about her, and bring you word. You could be of no use to her now, because she did not know you when you were at Parkhurst."

"But she would soon! she would soon!" cried the child, bursting into passionate sobbing.

Leonard drew her towards him, put his arm round her, tried to comfort her, in vain.

"I am told that she may get quite well, and then she would be sure to come back for you," he said, persuasively. "How nice it would be if, when she has recovered and rejoins you, she should find you a clever girl, able to wait upon her, and cook for her, and do for her all that you will learn to do in this good school."

"So it would!" she cried, starting back and fixing her streaming eyes upon him.

"Then, if you will strive to do this, I will try to learn where she is and tell you."

"How soon? She will die—I shall die, if it is not very, very soon."

"Listen, Aveline. It is our Father in heaven who settles our life and death. He has taken away both my parents; taken them to Himself."

"But He has drowned my bad papa in the sea, and made my good mamma run away for fear."

"Still you may meet her again in this world. I can never see mine again here below."

"Poor boy! Poor boy!"

Leonard had succeeded in turning the child's thoughts, and she laid her hand on his shoulder and fixed her eyes, full of sympathy, on his troubled face. It was a charming countenance that looked at him from out that prim little cap and quaint gipsy bonnet. He thought she was like a sweet rosebud tipped with dew.

"I will try to be good, like you," she said, after a pause. "I will learn to clean the house, and lay the cloth, and cook, and do plain needle-work and knitting, like the other little girls. And then will you find me my dear mamma?"

"I will try, indeed I will," replied Leonard. "Shall I tell the kind mistress this?"

"Yes. But must I always wear this funny dress? My dear mamma will not know me when she comes back. She used to know me sometimes in my own frock and hat."

"We will manage that when we find her," replied Leonard, leading her into the passage.

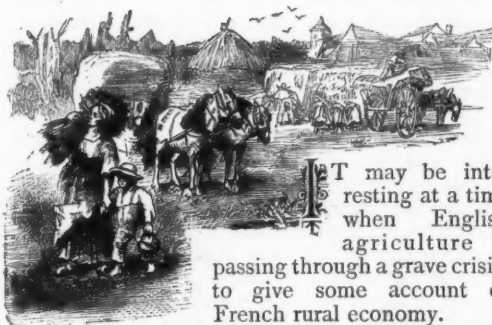
The mistress was waiting in the opposite room, surrounded by her little flock, now ready for dinner, and wearing white caps instead of bonnets.

"I will try to be good, and not cry after my dear mamma all day long," said Aveline, suppressing a sob, as the mistress came forward.

"That is right, my dear," said that good woman, stooping over her and kissing her.

"You will come and tell me soon—very soon?" were the pathetic words that followed Leonard as he left the schoolhouse and hurried through the town to the delightful village of Carisbrooke.

FRENCH PEASANTS AND FRENCH AGRICULTURE.



IT may be interesting at a time when English agriculture is passing through a grave crisis, to give some account of French rural economy.

A country more happily constituted agriculturally it would be impossible to imagine. Placed in the very centre of the temperate zone, France cultivates with equal success all the productions of England and of Italy. She has her corn lands, with their fields of rye, oats, and wheat, green or golden; her pastures covered with innumerable herds of cattle; her vineyards, richer and more luxuriant than in any other part of the earth; her olive region recalling the Holy Land; her forests, those of the New World.

French agriculture, with one important exception, is in a very prosperous condition. This exception is the vine. In 1870 its culture covered nearly five millions of acres, about one twenty-fifth of the soil of France. When the harvest is good, the French vineyards produce half the wine in the world. In 1875, the best year of the century, they yielded the enormous quantity of 1,739,434,638 imperial gallons. The approximate value of this vintage was £120,000,000 sterling. This vast source of wealth is threatened with serious diminution, owing to the apparent impossibility of contending with the ravages of the phylloxera. At the end of 1880, 1,380,611 acres were destroyed, and 1,003,904 attacked, showing that nearly half the vines in France are affected. Various remedies are in course of trial—submersion, sulphate of carbon, the introduction of American vines—but not as yet with much success. It is thought that the extraordinary manner in which the vines begin to succumb to the attacks of the phylloxera indicates that they are enfeebled by age and that the soil is somewhat exhausted. The effect on the fortunes of the wine-growing districts is shown in the decrease of their populations. During the last five years Isère has lost 7,000, Drome 10,000, Hérault 10,000, Gard 13,000, and Vaucluse 13,500 inhabitants.

In every other culture there would appear to be steady progress. The returns of 1876 show nearly 37 millions of acres of land in France given to cereals, between a seventh and eighth part of the soil. While the average amount of land thus used remains the same, the proportion devoted to the nobler grain increases. Wheat occupies fifty-one hundredths of the corn lands, oats rather less than half that amount, rye and barley together hardly

equalling oats. Wheat gave in 1877 sixty-four hundredths of the harvest, the total value of which, including straw, was estimated at above 200 millions sterling.

Nearly as much of the soil of France is given to grass and pasture land as to cereals, and every year the pastures are more and more being turned into meadows. The annual value of their produce is about two-fifths of that of the cereals.

Potatoes are more abundant than in any other country in Europe, and of a most excellent quality. Their produce in 1877 was valued at nearly 20 millions sterling. The soil given to their culture has increased 30 per cent. in twenty-two years. The total production has increased 48 per cent., and the value 141 per cent. Thus the culture of potatoes in France has developed more rapidly than even that of cereals. When the admirable process discovered by M. Alfred Dumesnil, of Vascœuil, in Normandy, comes into general use, the culture of the potato may be expected to take a still more extraordinary development. The writer has seen in the fertilising moss as many as thirty fine potatoes from one mother-tuber.

Beetroot and colza are much cultivated in the northern departments. The former occupies nearly a million acres, and yields a harvest roughly valued at 320 millions of francs, £12,800,000 sterling. It is largely used in the manufacture of sugar. Little more than half a century ago the quantity of sugar thus made in France had not reached 15 millions of pounds; during 1872-73 it rose to no less than 820 millions. It is exclusively made in the five departments of Aisne, Nord, Oise, Pas de Calais, and Somme.

One of the most beautiful features in French husbandry is the orchard. It is far more picturesque than the vineyard. Nothing on earth can exceed the loveliness of Normandy when the apple-trees are in blossom. The cultivation of the apple is not confined to this part of France, but nearly half the average quantity of cider produced comes from its five departments. Fifty-five departments of France give a more or less quantity of cider, but the amount varies from 150 hectolitres to 1,739,664, the latter being the average annual quantity produced by the department of Ile et Vilaine in Brittany. The year 1880 was peculiarly bad, there being a deficit in the average quantity of nearly two-thirds. The mean total of the cider produced in France, based on an average of ten years, is 11,117,677 hectolitres, a hectolitre being very nearly twenty-two imperial gallons; the value is about eighty-six millions of francs, £3,440,000 sterling. Cider is only drunk in the northern departments of France. The cider apple is so bitter that no schoolboy would touch it; but there are numerous fine eating apples and pears in the orchards of France. The total value of this culture is twenty millions and a half of francs, £820,000 sterling.

Of other fruits the olive harvest realises 18 millions of francs, chestnuts 18 millions, mulberries

17 millions, and melons of all kinds about 13 millions and a quarter.

The quantity of land laid down in grass is an indication of the growing importance of stock. From 1812 to 1866 the number of heads of cattle nearly doubled, being chiefly animals destined for slaughter. Cattle are most numerous in the departments bordering on the Channel, the Ocean, the Belgian frontier, in the Pyrenees, and the mountain districts generally. They are led by herdsmen from province to province, according to their age and growth, nothing being neglected in these migrations to give them all the vigour and beauty possible. These shiftings from one spot to another, with frequent crossings, tend to merge all the local races in a generally improved breed. There were in 1877 in France 2,425,218 oxen or bullocks, 7,271,019 cows, and 1,784,584 calves. About 1,200,000 of the latter are sent every year to the butcher.

Horses are principally raised in the departments of the north and north-west, in those of the Meuse and of the estuary of the Loire. In their culture the State, for military reasons, takes an especial interest; it possesses large establishments, and is careful that there shall be no lack of veterinary surgeons. There is a kind of equinal stream passing from the north to the south of France, the importation of horses being chiefly over the Belgian frontier, while their exportation is mainly into Spain and Italy.

The ass is the horse of the poor Frenchman, as the goat is his cow. Poitou produces the finest asses in the world. There were in France in 1877, 2,826,002 horses, 297,466 mules, 406,816 asses.

The French sheep is a poor little creature, compared to any of our English breeds. Their carcasses, exhibited in the butchers' shops, are not half the size of those in England; and their diminutive character appears all the more striking from the immense size of those of the oxen. They are mainly raised on the poorest lands in France—the high plateaux of the centre, the mountain districts of the Pyrenees and the Cevennes, the plains of Berry, the Orleannois, Champagne, and Eastern Picardy, and the salt marshes of the seashore. The French peasant has a rooted aversion to mutton, and will not touch it at any price. The culture of the sheep in France is behind the age, and their numbers are diminishing. In twenty-five years their average number has decreased by almost one-half. In 1877 there were in France 20,604,967 of the indigenous race, and 2,770,222 of the improved breeds.

The department that raises most pigs is Dordogne, while the best hams come from the district of Bayonne. Compared with the increase of the population, there is a falling off in pigs. In 1839 the numbers were 4,910,721; in 1877, 5,789,768.

Goats, on the other hand, make a fair progress in numbers. In 1839 there were 964,300 in France; in 1877, 1,605,859. They love the more rocky lands, and abound chiefly in the Rhone basin, but are seen everywhere. There is something singularly picturesque in the shepherdess of Languedoc, followed by her troop of goats.

In some parts of France the flocks and herds, and even at times the people themselves, are exposed to the attacks of wolves. It seems hardly credible that in this highly-cultured land 2,000 wolves should exist. But it indicates that there are vast forests and wild mountain districts which have never yet been wholly conquered by man.

An immense source of wealth, especially in the north, is drawn from raising poultry. In 1877 the poultry in the French farmyards numbered 58,280,000, of a value of 100 millions of francs, or £4,400,000 sterling. The trade in eggs and feathers is something fabulous. Another source of rural wealth is bee-keeping. The hives in France produced in 1877 honey and wax to the value of one million sterling. This is about their regular value. In 1866, which would appear to have been an exceptional year, they reached £1,307,200 sterling.

While nearly every agricultural production is thus increasing, the human element diminishes. In 1868 the agricultural population of France amounted to twenty millions, in 1872 it had sunk to eighteen millions and a half, and it is probable that the decrease has continued at a more rapid rate since then; for in the census of 1877, when the population of France amounted to 36,905,788, out of eighty-one departments of France only fourteen showed an increase, some of the richest agricultural provinces being those in which the falling-off was largest. The diminution in the Côtes de Nord was 18,915; in Calvados, 20,897; in Dordogne, 22,532; and in Manche, 29,123. The population of the department of Eure is lessening on an average 2,000 a year. The census of 1881 is more encouraging, the number of departments which show an increase almost balancing those in which there is a diminution of population. But the departments mentioned as those in which the falling off was largest, all continue in the same direction except Dordogne, where there has been an increase of 2,760 inhabitants in the last five years. In the same period, Côtes de Nord have lost 11,325, Calvados 12,449, and Manche 17,150. Where the lost numbers drift is partly seen by the returns for the department of the Seine, in which Paris stands, which shows an increase in the population of 307,033, an amount which exceeds by about 20,000 the total loss in the forty-three departments of France in which the numbers have diminished. In certain parts of France the rural districts and the small towns have lost in one generation a fifth or even a quarter of their inhabitants.

And yet the agriculturist is the real master of France, since it is he who supplies the country with the necessities of existence. Though it is his interest to sell his produce, he takes care that it shall fetch as much as possible. Ignorant on other points, he is well acquainted with the home and foreign market, and waits the moment most favourable to his purpose. In the great majority of cases he is the absolute owner of the land that he cultivates, and if he gets into debt or has not enough money to work his fields he can borrow from the Credit Foncier, a firm established expressly for his benefit, and of which it would

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FRENCH PEASANTS.

appear he obtains some advantage, since we find that since the institution was started in 1868, 20,460 persons have borrowed 1,161,156,127 francs = £46,446,245 sterling. In the region of the north-west, known in former times as the Ile de France, there are farmers who have made great fortunes—millionaires, if you count their capital by francs. Prudence, thrift, a determination to make every object, every act in life, subservient to the one great end of obtaining a competence, these are the characteristic traits of the French peasant. He has found out that land cultivated by its possessor pays, but not so certainly when administered by others. He has accordingly no ambition to be a mere landowner. Once at his ease, he ceases to add to his land, preferring to lend money to his neighbours or to speculate in the stocks. At a little bourg in Normandy of less than 500 inhabitants, in which the writer spent some weeks last summer, the daily quotations of favourite stocks on the Paris Bourse were regularly placarded outside the post-office.

Half the landed property of France is in the hands of men holding less than twelve and a half acres of land, and three-fourths is in the hands of men holding less than twenty-five acres. The other quarter is possessed by persons holding property of twenty-five acres and upwards, not five per cent. being in the hands of really large landowners. The total number of landed proprietors in France is eight millions, three millions of whom own property so small that it is not assessable. In 1851 the land of France was split into 126 millions of fragments, not all belonging to different owners, but distinct one from the other. The history of these parcels of land is preserved in a chart or series of charts, forming a sort of Doomsday-book or land registry. The various parcels of land in the same commune belonging to one owner are called a *cote*. In 1851 there were 12,393,366 such *cotes* in France; in 1872, 13,863,793. As the extent of land remains the same, this shows that subdivisions tend to increase.

This state of things has its origin in the great Revolution, which declared all the land of France as free as the people who lived upon it, and swept all seigniorial rights away at a blow, which for ages had been eating out the heart of France. When the nobles left the country, the Revolution took their lands and sold them freely among the people, thus creating an immense peasant proprietary. The two fundamental principles then established as the basis of the land system of France, are, the free transmission of estates, and the equality of children in the inheritance.

That the system is far from being an absolute good there can be no question. It is impossible to cultivate some land profitably without the labour of animals and the use of machines. A very small piece of land at a certain distance from the market loses all its profits in the mere expenditure of the transit of its harvest. When an owner possesses several pieces of land in various directions, much time and labour is thrown away. In a country cut up by small properties, land is lost in useless paths and other divisions, besides the waste of seed scattered over the borders. Where

it is on the brink of being profitless, it entices men to live in misery who could do better if they were free altogether from the burden.

On the other hand, there is the fact that the value of agricultural property in France had increased between the years 1821-51 cent. per cent., while the large properties had scarcely grown a third or a fourth in value during the same time; the smaller properties, although lands of inferior quality, had quadrupled or quintupled in value.

The small-property system would seem especially adapted to poor and rocky lands, such as are found in the Pyrenees and the Vosges; but when it is applied to rich plains it is quite the opposite. There the advantage of farming on a large scale with animals, machinery, and the best agricultural appliances is obvious.

The French peasant has been raised from a state little better than serfdom to independence. He is every year becoming richer, better educated, more free from prejudice. His class are the real Conservative force in the country, since it is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, but content with things as they are. Its interests make it thoroughly loyal to the principles of '89. It has a secret horror of the white flag and the *parti prêtre*, fearing, no doubt, that the return of the Monarchy might mean doubt thrown on its territorial rights. Thus, while the peasant habitually conceals his political opinions, and rarely opposes his wife going to church, he casts his vote for a democratic government, Bonapartist or Republican, except in a very few departments where there is entirely a different tradition. The peasant, long held by the Napoleonic legend, seeing the Republic makes no difference to his pockets, is gradually coming round to be its staunch friend.

As to religion, he is evidently aware his interests and those of the Church do not square, and he has a secret ill-will to her and to her ministers.

A Protestant pastor went into a country place to visit an isolated Protestant. A peasant offered to show him the way, and began to talk to him about the decay of religion.

"Of what religion do you speak?" asked the pastor.

"Oh!" he replied; "it doesn't matter which. There is no longer any religion; we believe *nothing* here. No one goes any more to church."

"I thought," said the pastor, "on the contrary that you were very devout."

"Devout!" he replied; "in what way?"

"Why, I see that people here speak only as M. le Curé speaks, swear as M. le Curé swears, vote only as M. le Curé votes."

"That is because we are all afraid to fall out with them. They are everything here—mayors, schoolmasters, judges—everything."

Just at this moment the curé passed, and the peasant was somewhat taken aback. However, he quickly recovered himself, and, taking off his hat, made a profound bow. "I assure you," he continued, "it is just what I said—we are afraid of them."

In another form the general prosperity works to alienate the peasant from the Church. In by-gone times it was the sole outlet for the ambitious

and the intelligent. They entered the Presbyterial School, they went up to a *petit séminaire*, passed into the *grand séminaire*. Then the peasant's son became a priest, perhaps rose to be a canon, possibly a bishop. Under any circumstance, he was a link of profound interest between his early friends and the Church. This becomes rarer and rarer. So many are the openings which offer themselves to the children of the peasantry, that the poor calling of a parish priest offers no worldly inducement.

About 27·7 per cent. of the persons actually working on the land possess no property in it. Of these 386,533 are farmers, 201,527 metayers, and 869,259 labourers. While the farmer pays a given rental for the land he cultivates, the metayer pays the landowner by rendering to him a moiety of the produce of the soil. The produce of the poultry-yard or the garden, however, wholly belong to the metayer, but he occasionally presents a chicken or a basket of fruit to the proprietor as an act of homage.

There are two sorts of labourers: those who are supplied with food all the year round, and those who are not. There has been a steady rise in wages for years past. In 1850 it averaged 1 franc 42 centimes for the labourer not fed. It is thought that now it would not be too high to place it from 3 to 4 francs. Of course, it differs widely in various localities. As it appears that an unmarried labourer can live upon a franc a day, and an ordinary family of a father, mother, and three children on about two francs, the agricultural labourer in France ought not to be in poverty. It may seem impossible to conceive how this is to be done, but the French peasant is one of the most frugal beings in the world.

A number of labourers will make their breakfast off a soup concocted of quantities of hot water into which a few handfuls of beans or peas have been thrown, with an ounce or two of fried bacon to flavour them. Thin slices of brown bread are laid in basins into which the soup is poured. For their dinner and supper they have potatoes, eggs, clotted cream, or pancakes, rarely meat except on feast days, when they gorge in mediæval fashion. In the northern departments they drink cider, in the southern wine. The latter is rising so in price that we have heard of a case wherein the wine given to the labourers exceeded in value the salary. But employers in these democratic times have no alternative. When harvest comes they have to go cap in hand to their poorer neighbours and with much politeness beg their assistance when they are quite at leisure; nor do they always get it then, the small proprietor being anxious to sweep the market before his richer neighbour can get there.

No doubt there was plenty of room for a more generous nourishment, and still is, if the avarice induced by ages of anxious poverty and now suddenly forced into unhealthy proportions would permit. Moreover, the women working in the fields are no cooks. So the only thing that certainly progresses is wine and dram-drinking. Cafés are universal, every small village has them, and the poorest now drinks his *café noir*.

The French peasant spends as little on his clothes as on his food. Every one wears the blouse, even the farmer who sends his only son to the first Lycée in the capital of the department. The poorest is never in rags, but patches appear to be regarded as marks of honour and ornamental rather than not, to judge from the general fashion of using a different shade of blue. It is common all over France to see two immense patches on men's knees, of light blue if the trousers are dark, of dark blue if they are light.

Great efforts are being made to educate the people of France. A general knowledge of reading and writing is common in the generation just arrived at manhood. Out of about 28,000 communes there were in 1873 only 423 communes without schools at all. Of the boys' schools in France, about 8 per cent. are directed by clerical teachers, the rest are under the superintendence of laymen. Of the girls' schools, on the other hand, about 51 per cent. are directed by *religieuses*. As the lay teaching would be mainly in the towns, it is clear that the education of the female peasant is still in the hands of the Church, while that of the males has almost escaped her.

Instruction is most widely spread in the north and west, less so in the centre and the east, least of all in the mountainous districts.

The State provides special technical instruction by subventions to farm schools. In these schools the children of rural labourers can receive a practical agricultural education, while at the same time they are remunerated for their work. They also have the opportunity of obtaining a *bourse*, which will enable them to go up to a School of Agriculture, of which there are three in France—at Grignon, near Versailles; at Grandjouan, Loire Inférieure; and at Montpellier. There are also many special Chairs of Agriculture attached to the educational establishments of the large towns in France. The State, indeed, shows by every means her sense of the importance of this great interest. The latest sign has been the creation of a distinct Ministry for Agriculture.

Thus all things are working together for the material good of the French peasant. Dispenser of the necessities of life, he is the Joseph of his country, all his brethren must bow down to him. Inheritor of the estates of the old noblesse, he must draw to himself more and more the consideration everywhere accorded to the landed proprietor. Prosperous, and less and less subject to competition, why should he wish for change?

In place of *le bon Dieu* the peasant now worships *le bon sens*; instead of kneeling before the shrine of *la bonne mère*, he goes to market and drives a good bargain. And in this new service he is a veritable hero, saint, and martyr. He starves himself, he becomes a celibate, he toils ceaselessly, not, as in the bygone faith, that he may lay up treasure in heaven, but in order that he may fill an old stocking with silver and gold, lend on interest to his neighbours, or take advantage of every rise in the stocks. Mammon is the god of rural France, Secularism its true creed. Yet we rejoice to believe that the old Huguenot or Protestant religion of France is reviving and extending.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE advertisements of the eighteenth century strike me as being wonderfully like our own, though there are some exceptions of an astounding character. As with us, the same are repeated in the old volume of newspapers before me, week after week, during the whole period from 1744 to 1770. The first which arrests my attention is one we all know, by name at least, "Daffey's Elixir."

"The good sale that the said Dr. Daffey's Elixir hath met with in these parts, and the many cures it hath done in the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland, has encouraged some ignorant people in condemning the same, though to the manifest injury of their fellow-Christians, and no benefit to themselves. It is the great preserver of mankind, and above 60 years experienced, and may be taken at any season of the year, for neither heat nor cold obstruct its influential operations on the body."

But they do not tell us what the elixir is for. Now Dr. Radcliffe, in presenting his sovereign balsam, is very explicit. Here are some of his promises:—

"If by the canker of the scurvy in the mouths of men, women, and children of all ages, the gums be putrefied, and even in a manner quite destroyed, and the teeth, having so little to support them, dropped out; this balsam will, by applying as underneath, fasten the teeth, make the gums to grow to their natural semblance, and supply the deficiencies made by such sores or ulcers, *by a new growth of flesh*, and the patient will, under God, receive a perfect cure."

A new growth of flesh! We go a good way now, but we don't go *quite* so far as that. And observe that after Dr. Radcliffe has supplied the new growth of flesh, the patient will, *under God*, receive a perfect cure. But here is an effusion from one Betton, who gives a marvellous catalogue of diseases that may be cured by his oil for a shilling in man or beast. A rival quack undertakes by a powder to cure an equal number of maladies at half Betton's charge.

Another advertiser gives his remedy in the form of snuff:—

"Mr. James Clinton, the only true author of the imperial Golden Snuff. This imperial Golden Snuff, which thousands of persons have found to be the most effectual remedy for taking away all pains or aches out of the head, cureth the head-ache and tooth-ache, be the pain ever so violent. It instantly removes drowsiness, sleepiness, giddiness, and vapours, apoplexy or deafness, the evil in the eyes, or any humour in them, dropsies in the head, and stoppage or cold in the head. And it cures the catarrh, or dripping from the head upon the lungs, which causes tickling coughs, and brings away all mercury which lodges in the head, occasion'd by working at some trades that are offensive to the brain, as plumbers, refiners, gilders, silversmiths, and others. In short, it is the best and most agreeable snuff in the universe."

There are half-a-dozen similar advertisements, which appear in all the papers with the regularity of clockwork.

A common way of attracting attention is the announcement of some one's death or retiring from business, of which the following is a fair sample:—

"This is to acquaint all ladies and others, that, as Ann Pease, quilter and hoopmaker, in Low Ousegate, York, is

lately deceased, the business is carried on by her daughter, Mary Pease, where any person may be served as well as usual with the best and newest fashions."

We take next specimens of "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed" advertisements:—

"Stolen, about the 29th of November last, from Swinnerby, near Newark, three black mares, one with a switch tail, if not altered, with a large blaze and star, hind feet white pretty high, about fourteen hands high, and four years old. Another about fourteen hands high, and four years old, with several white hairs all over her; a little white upon one of her heels. The third about thirteen hands three inches high, and under-legged, with a little crooked star. Supposed to be stole by John Swinnerton, of Shireoakes, a broad middle-sized man, between 30 and 40 years of age, pretty fresh complexioned, and short flaxen hair. Whoever gives notice of all or any of the said mares, so as they may be had again, or shall apprehend the said John Swinnerton, so as he may be brought to justice, shall receive half-a-guinea reward of John Roades, Samuel Ellis, and Richard Blidworth, of Swinnerby, the owners of the said mares."

Regularly I find three or four such advertisements as this; and as in those days they hanged a man for a good deal less than stealing a horse, it is somewhat surprising that men would for so little risk their necks. Evidently John Swinnerton thought it as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

Very many lost watches are advertised:

"Lost, upon the 18th of May, a gold watch in a shagreen case, betwixt Cromwell and Weston, in Nottinghamshire; the maker's name, George Bruce, London. No. 99. Whoever returns the above watch to Mr. James Wittaker, at the Angel Inn, Doncaster, shall receive two guineas."

Here is a choice bit of 18th century wit:—

"Sunday, January 6, 1744-5:

"Strayed, or conveyed, from off the head of Mr. J—n T—y, a senior common councilman of the Corporation of R—n (is it Ripon?), between Malmesbury and that place, the beaver hat, that invests him with that quality, 'tis of the modern fashion, an enormous size, and sealed with the Corporation's great seal. Whoever can give notice of the said hat, so as it may be had again to the owner, the said Mr. J—n T—y, shall receive a reward suitable to the dignity and generosity of that worthy gentleman.

"N.B.—Without the hat, he's not entitled to sit in Council."

Cannot you imagine the whole scene? How certain worthies laid their not too acute heads together to play off a joke on Mr. J—n T—y; how, over their churchwardens and grog, they concocted the advertisement that was to set the whole town, themselves included, in a roar of laughter.

Here is a loss of a different character—in one step we come down from the comic to the tragedy of cold steel, suggestive of attack or defence on the highway.

"Lost, on the road between Sutton-upon-Derwent and North Cane, on Wednesday last, a pistol, with a screw barrel, loaded with one bullet, mounted with brass, with the name Simpson engraved on the lower part of the lock thereof. 5s. reward."

Now from the tragic we go back to the commonplace.

"This is to give notice, that Isabella Enlithorne, in Ripon, is removed to a large convenient house, pleasantly situated; and continues to board and teach young ladies all sorts of needle-work at a very reasonable rate. Writing and dancing by the best masters."

"Deserted from Captain Winn, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, quartered at Pontefract, in the West Riding of the county of York, on Tuesday, April 2nd, 1745, John Bricarcliffe, aged 26; 6 feet without shoes, light brown hair, walks very upright, pale complexion, pitted with the small-pox, born at Hecklehurst, near Colne, in Lancashire. Deserted in a light coloured coat and breeches, with a blue waistcoat; has an impediment in his speech. Whoever apprehends the said deserter, and will lodge him in any gaol in England, and give notice to Captain Winn, now recruiting at Pontefract, or to Wm. Wilkinson, Esq., agent to the said regiment, in Brewer Street, Golden Square, London, shall receive one guinea reward, over and above what is allowed by Act of Parliament."

There are many similar advertisements about deserters. Evidently in those times a soldier's life was harder than now, and recruits were not so easily obtained.

Of lost property of miscellaneous sort here are specimens:—

"Whereas a dog followed a gentleman from Bishop Auckland to York on Saturday, March 30. Any person by applying to Mr. George Woodhouse, at his coffee-house in Petergate, York, giving proper description of his marks and paying charges, he may be had again."

York, March 15, 1745:

"Lost, about a fortnight ago, in some part of this city, a smelling-bottle, with a gold top and chain. Whoever can give notice of it to Mr. Buckle, silversmith, in Sparnergate, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble."

The chain seems to indicate the custom of fastening the smelling-bottle to the girdle. I wonder did they ever find it? Not that it matters much whether they did or no, now that nearly a hundred and forty years have gone by. And pray take heed of the following:—

"This is to give notice, that Charles Pearson, clergyman's robe-maker and tailor, lately from London, is removed from Colliergate into Stonegate, near the Minster-gates, where all reverend gentlemen, who are pleased to favour him with their commands, may depend upon 'em being carefully and expeditiously executed."

"N.B.—Also makes ladies' riding-dresses in the newest fashions."

Stonegate is one of the most interesting streets of the quaint old city, of which almost every stone has a story. Even now, you feel on passing along it, that you have suddenly stepped back into a bygone age—a past of long narrow streets, of tall Elizabethan houses, with overhanging storeys and pointed gables. It has a sleepy, almost deserted air now, though there is a *bric-a-brac* shop, full of quaint treasures of armour and oak, of old Dresden and undoubted Chelsea; and there is a newly-restored domicile of four or five storeys, with the date, high up among its peaked gables. As you stop and gaze in at either old-fashioned window, your eyes are dazzled by such ecclesiastical beauties as are not often seen. It might be that in this very house dwelt this very robe-making grandee, a hundred and forty years ago. Certain it is that a few doors off lived the elegant and witty Sterne, when a prebend of the cathedral. Likely enough he went to Pearson for his clerical

garments. It might be that just after he had ordered a fine suit of black he met with the overbearing Thompson, a fellow-prebend, on that memorable occasion, when, shoving Sterne away from the wall, he cried, "I never give the wall to a fool!" Like all bullies, Dr. Thompson seems to have been foolish, or never would he have left such a chance for repartee to a man of Sterne's wit. Out, half-way across the narrow street, Sterne tripped, with his "spindle-shanks," took off his three-cornered hat with the stateliest courtesies, and uttered three withering words, "I—al—ways do."

"A great variety of milliner's goods to be sold cheap, at the shop of Mrs. Barbara Ormandz, in Stonegate, York, she leaving off trade. This will be no more advertised."

There is a certain degree of dignity about the announcement, is there not? One may easily imagine that for the future Mrs. Barbara Ormandz would be a person of no small importance—in her own estimation, at all events.

But only read this! To think that so short a time as 140 years ago we were in a state of such heathenish darkness. Seriously, when my eyes fell upon the first line, I felt quite a shock rush over me.

"To be disposed of, a handsome genteel black, being a sober lad, about sixteen years of age, and talks English to perfection; born in Virginia, and for three years has waited on a gentleman. He has good sense and discretion, is faithful and honest, and hath by indentures four years to serve, for the small consideration of clothes and necessaries, without any other wages. Any gentleman who is desirous to have such a servant may apply to the printer of this paper."

"To be sold, a fresh milch-ass, with a she-foal. Inquire of Mr. Yarburgh, Heslington, York."

I find many similar advertisements.

"Lendall Street, York. Marmaduke Etty, stone-seal engraver, from London. Where may be had curious stones for that use, as also rings set."

This was probably an uncle of William Etty, R.A., who was born in Feasegal, York, March 10, 1787. His father was a miller and spice-maker.

November 16, 1744:

"A mistress is wanting at the charity school at Ledsham. The salary is £10 a year, with all accommodation for teaching 70 girls to read, spin, etc. The qualifications required are that such mistress be not less than 25, a single woman, have no dependence upon her, and be capable of instructing the children in reading, spinning, sewing, etc."

We wonder how many "etceteras" were to be included in the work of teaching at the salary of £10 a year.

"To be disposed of, a handsome second-hand chariot, made after the Berlin fashion. Light and convenient for travelling, etc. Also a pair of harness."

Not unlike the present day that.

The following appears several weeks in succession:—

"Lost! Betwixt Foxholes and Great Driffild, on Saturday, August 11th, a large black snuff-box, with a gold rim and hinge, with a lady's picture inside the said box. Whoever brings it to Mr. William Waldby, of Beverley, shall receive five guineas reward."

Let us hope the poor man got *her* portrait back again. The reward was certainly liberal.

"This is to satisfy the publick, that those villainous and

strange rumours, which of late have been set about the country, concerning the Lord Fairfax and his house of Gilling Castle, I believe to be all false and without any foundation of truth; and I do believe that I have sufficiently convinced the Lord Archbishop of York; and likewise Sir Conyers D'Arcy and the Deputy-Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace, who sat at Thirsk, October 7, 1745, that they are altogether groundless.

(Signed) NICHOLAS GOUGE,
Rector of Gilling."

'45! The year of the Rebellion. Just then men had to be uncommonly careful in checking "strange" rumours, or they ended in a State trial and a scene on Tower Hill, in which the principal actor didn't wait to see the end of the play. And what an easy way of getting rid of an enemy; just let Jack Smith—having a grudge connected perhaps with the preservation of game—let fall a hint concerning my Lord—'s Jacobite sympathies or tendencies, and, depend upon it, the great man would have a certain difficulty in quelling them. Here is an instance of a man in a fright. It seems to me that John Douglas was a Jacobite, though apparently he lacked the pluck to stand by his cause.

"Whereas my character has been falsely and maliciously misrepresented and aspersed, by some envious and ill-disposed people, and falsehoods daily invented and injuriously told against me, such as I solemnly declare never existed in my thoughts; and which evidently can be with no less motive than to ruin my family and business; and as falsehood may by an uninterrupted repetition wear the mask of truth, I think myself indispensably oblig'd in justice to my character, to inform the publick of the rancour and prepossession wherewith mine enemies do attack me. First, they reproach me because one of my children is nam'd Charles, whom they positively affirm to be nam'd Charles Stuart, and that he was actually begotten by the young Pretender. Secondly, they have with equal malice and injustice, charg'd me with drinking the Pretender's health: with respect to the first, I believe every sober man will think the oddity of the notion a sufficient proof to display their unlimited malice; and with regard to the second, the world shall judge of the truth from the affair itself, which I shall here impartially relate, and wherein may be learn'd whether I am culpable or merit so notorious an accusation. I was lately in company with some people when the health of his Majesty King George was propos'd, which I cheerfully drank, as I always had done before. After that the Royal Family succeeded, which with the same sincere pleasure I pledg'd. Then the Queen of Hungary's, which I drank with the utmost satisfaction. After which I suppose follow'd Prince William's, Duke of Cumberland, which I solemnly declare I understood to be Prince Charles of Lorrain's, as the preceding one was the Queen of Hungary's, so I very innocently said, Prince Charles's health, when some of the company immediately cry'd, 'Oh! what you mean the Pretender's!' 'The Pretender's!' said I. 'No, really, as I hope to be sav'd, I drank it for Prince Charles of Lorrain's health.' However, they insisted I drank the Pretender's, and they would expose me for doing so. I was amaz'd and astonish'd at such proceedings, and beg'd of them to make no false report upon me, for I did not deserve it, and that to calumniate my character with such an egregious falsehood might affect my business extremely. These were the words or to the same purport (however they may be aggravated or metamorphoz'd) which I solemnly protest before God were spoken. Now as to the crime I leave the publick to judge. It may be remember'd, I drank the Royal Family before, so that to have denied the duke's health would have been a staring contradiction. But these and many other falsehoods the malicious have invented against me; nay, they, with an industry equal to their malice, endeavour to stir up the populace to insult me, and to encourage them in every act of outrage. A testimony of which my dwelling-house is an example! it now appearing like a prison, whose inhabitants are shut up from the world; and all this is done by the

instigation of those whose zeal is actuated by interested motives and private pique. That, with respect to their charging me with disaffection to the present Establishment (because I am a Roman Catholic) is as unjust as it is groundless. On the contrary, I have from time to time testify'd my sincere regard for his Majesty King George, and his Royal House, with the equity of his administration and Government. And I do hereby positively declare, that if in any thing I could contribute towards extinguishing the present troubles, I would, with cheerfulness and pleasure, assist, as much as my circumstances would admit of, towards procuring so happy and so desirable a conclusion.

"JOHN DOUGLAS, Apothecary.

"Yarm, March 28, 1746."

A few weeks later I find his name amongst the list of prisoners awaiting their trial at York Castle at the July Assizes, for drinking the Pretender's health. He was admitted to bail, but since the week following is missing from the volume, I cannot say what the result of his trial was.

The next is more cheerful:—

"Good Venison. To be sold, at Sir Marmaduke Constable's, of Everingham, near Pocklington, at reasonable prices, or as they and the keeper can agree."

The next advertisement is about a *mistake* which might have been made at any fashionable modern assembly.

"Taken away (by mistake) from the Blue Boar, in Castlegate, at the late general association for the county, a new wide light drab-coloured riding-coat, the upper cape covered with pearl-coloured velvet. Whoever has the above saidcoat is desired to send it to the place above-mentioned, and they shall receive their own by the same hand."

The wording is slightly ambiguous, but the meaning is *very* clear.

We continue our miscellaneous extracts:—

"Whereas a hautboy is wanted to complete the sett of waits at Wakefield. Any person that plays upon that instrument, and applies to Mr. William Nicholson, of Wakefield, will (if approved) be admitted one of the waits of the said town."

"Lost, 14th or 15th of September, between Doncaster and Northallerton, out of a post-chaise, two bobperuques; the one a light grey, almost new; the other, a darker. One guinea reward."

"Lately stol'n out of the chapel at Wentworth, part of the Communion plate there, viz.: a silver cup, with a silver cover, with this inscription, *Ex Dono Gulielmi Comitiss, Straffordiae*, one thousand six hundred and sixty-five. Also a silver cup, with this inscription: 'Given to Wentworth Chapel by Margaret Nevison, 1676.' Also three silver patines, with this inscription: 'Given by the Lady Mary Wentworth to the parochial chapel of Wentworth, 1717.' If any of the said plate is offered to be sold, it is desired to be stopped. For the discovery of the offenders and conviction, a reward of £100."

In looking over the papers, and dotting down odd advertisements as they cropped up, I noted this:—

"Wanted, a curate in a cheap part of Stafford: the salary £35 per annum and surplice fees. Any gentleman in orders, or who intends going into orders at the next ordination, and can be recommended, will please apply," etc.

I say it seemed to me worthy of note. £35 a year for a curate. It brought visions to my mind of the curate in Goldsmith's lovely poem, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year;" but yesterday, in turning over some of last year's "Guardians," I came upon the following choice piece of—no, I cannot find any *legitimate* word to express it. I wonder will editor and reader alike

forgive me if I use good honest schoolboy slang?—*cheek!* Yes, it does look bad. I'm quite aware of it, but it certainly does express what I want to convey.

"Will any gentleman of private means accept £20 and a title to help delicate vicar of a seaside parish? Pupils allowed."

That was the gist of it. I won't vouch for each word—it might be *country* parish—but I will vouch for the £20 and the pupils *allowed*. Allowed! It seems to me the ultra-concentrated essence of *cheek!* This worthy, delicate gentleman will graciously have some one else to do his work, and *allows* him to earn his bread and cheese by some other means. The worst of it is, I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing that he did *not* get any one!

Is not this a pitiful appeal? Does it not make you long to send a few shillings to the poor soul?

"To all charitable, well-disposed Christians. Whereas, on Monday, the 14th past, it pleased God to take suddenly out of this life, George Coupland, of Rufforth, as he was mowing in the field, who has left behind him a disconsolate widow and seven small children, all of which are at home (but the eldest), and entirely dependent on the said poor widow for their support, who is of a weak constitution and unable to maintain them by her daily labour; therefore humbly requests the contributions of those who have a mite to spare for the distressed, which will greatly contribute to alleviate her afflictions, etc. A laborious and industrious father to be thus snatched from his partner and growing offspring before they are settled in the world, and who are all dependent upon him for their support, is surely the most complicated distress. That the above is true, and that the said widow and children in great distress are real objects of charity, is attested by Mark Abbey and Joseph Briton, churchwardens. Donations received by Mr. Jackson, grocer, in Micklegate, York."

"The above most affecting circumstance is advertised a third time, hoping it may still convey its import to some charitable well-disposed Christians who may yet be unacquainted with it. Donations have been left at Mr. Jackson's to the amount of £5 2s. 10d., whereof £1 1s. was received from a gentleman, and two half-guineas from two ladies, the rest in small sums, for which the poor widow returns her most sincere thanks."

I see in the paper of the following week that the list has risen to £7 6s. 4d.

"Whereas, a barn in the park at Denton, near Otley, containing 40 loads of hay, was maliciously, as supposed, set on fire on Sunday evening last, between seven and eight o'clock. This is to give notice, that if any person will make a discovery to conviction, he shall receive a reward of £50 from S. Ibbetson. Denton. October 13, 1766."

Let us hope they got him.

From the "St. James's Chronicle," Oct. 17, 1767:

"To be sold, a captainship in a regiment of dragoons. Enquire of Mr. Rosehagen, Bernard's Inn, Holborn. No brokers treated with."

"Wanted to purchase, a company in a marching regiment of foot."

And here is a delightful hit at freemasonry:—

"Published this day, price 1s. 6d., 'Jachin Boaz,' or an authentic key to the door of Freemasonry, both ancient and modern. Calculated not only for the instruction of every new-made mason, but also for the instruction of all who intend to become brethren. Containing a circumstantial account of all the proceedings in making a mason, with the several obligations of an entered apprentice, fellow-craft, and

master-mason, with the sign, grip, pass-word, and lecture of each degree, with the ceremony of the mop and pail. Also a safe and easy method by which a man may obtain admittance into any lodge without passing through the form required, and thereby save a guinea or so in his pocket. By a gentleman belonging to the Jerusalem Lodge, a frequent visitor at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and other eminent lodges. The author takes this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of several letters from the brethren, and this edition has inserted a very remarkable one, that the public may form some idea of the rest. He also begs those of the brotherhood, who are so full of wrath and indignation against him, would be so kind as to pay the postage of their abusive and scurrilous epistles."

Rather cool to call himself a *gentleman* after, for his own gain, divulging secrets he had sworn most positively to keep. Small wonder the brethren were so full of wrath and indignation.

December 16, 1767:

"All Protestant men and women servants that hire themselves, now or at any other time, into Popish families, are warned to take care that they are not seduced into Popery, that worst corruption of the true religion of Jesus Christ, from whose cruel, unmerciful spirit our forefathers suffered so much. And all ministers of parishes, where Popish families inhabit, are earnestly exhorted to keep a watchful eye over them, in order to defeat their silent but successful method of perverting the subjects of His Majesty, King George III, from their true allegiance, and drawing away the people of God to the worship of idols. And it is to be trusted—and many good men, assertors of civil and religious liberty, with many honest and ingenious printers—will concur to cause this advertisement to be inserted occasionally in the provincial papers of the three United, *ever to be united*, Kingdoms."

Of a certainty our forefathers had good cause to fear a return of Popish rule.

Read this. Is not this a domestic treasure?

"Whereas a servant-man, of a low stature, very slim, smooth-faced, speaks but little English, and that broken, and had on when he went away an old green dussit coat, with boot-sleeves, ran away from his master, and took with him the following goods, viz.: two silver watches, and a pinch-beck watch with a plain case and a china dial-plate; a wrought silver tweezer case; four dozen of gold rings, with stones; five gold rings, with angle-seals; a parcel of cornelian cyphers and garnet rings; a cypher ring, with an emerald; a fancy ring, with a gold lock and key and white stones; and a diamond ring, with an amethyst in the middle; four cards of Bristol-stone buttons; gold and grape rings; several sets of silver teaspoons; six silver tea-tongs and strainers; a dozen of large silver tablespoons; several patch-boxes, with Duke William's head; several sets and odd silver shoe-buckles; several silver snuff-boxes, gilt on the inside, and sundry other things not yet known. Whoever apprehends him, so that he may be brought to justice, shall receive five guineas reward from Mordecai Benedix, living in St. Katherine Street, next door to the sign of the Crown."

He must have made a clean sweep of the stock; and not the first time a Mordecai has found some one else too sharp for him.

And here is a tit-bit to wind up with, though, to be sure, it does not reflect too creditably on the gentry, nobility, nor even the royal family of that date:—

"Bugs effectually destroyed by George Bridges, at the 'Star and Woolpack,' Cross Street, Hatton Garden—the original inventor of that necessary art. He has been about 25 years in practice, and has, during that time, cured about 20,000 beds in London and the adjacent parts, without leaving any ill-smell, or staining, or otherwise hurting the

furniture; and engages to revisit all beds gratis, to avoid the least cause of complaint. The doubtful may apply for a character of his method to the Royal Palaces of Kensington and St. James's, the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, the Barracks at Woolwich, great numbers of the nobility and gentry, sundry boarding schools, and indeed in almost every street in London. His prices are: stump beds, 5s.; half-testers, 7s. 6d.; plain four-post beds, 10s. 6d.; cornice

beds, double-lathed, 15s.; raised testers, £1 1s.; and so in proportion."

And pray think of the agonies the occupants of those 20,000 beds endured before they sent for Mr. Bridges and his necessary art. We have certainly advanced since those days in the use of soap and water.

NOTES ON THE EASTERN CITIES AND MUSEUMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY AGNES CRANE.

I.

EARLY in 1881 the route and season for a trip to the United States and Canada, long anticipated with pleasure, were finally determined on. The principal museums in the Eastern States were the chief attractions, and it was specially desirable to visit them at a time when the scientists who have created or now direct them should be found *in situ*. For we were naturally anxious to speak face to face with some of those great explorers who have done so much to render their country famous in the annals of science. The spring was, therefore, selected, for the scientists, like most American citizens, flee from the great cities during the summer months, and employ the long vacation either in a visit to Europe, or go "West" in search of fresh material from those rich treasure-houses of nature which have already yielded them such bountiful results.

So at noon on April 16th, my father and I sailed from Liverpool for New York in the s.s. Gallia, of 5,200 tons burden, then the largest, swiftest, and most luxuriously fitted of the Cunard fleet. A large number of emigrants went out in the Tarifa at the same time, and there was a scene of indescribable confusion on St. George's landing-stage. An hour passed unpleasantly away, standing on guard over our belongings in the keen air amid a bewildered crowd of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, while sturdy Irish porters jostled about. Then, having literally to fight a way through to the tug to see our baggage deposited thereon, scramble off again, and on to the passenger tender alongside, made the process of embarkation an unnecessarily wretched one, and a bad beginning for a trip on the Atlantic.

Among the two hundred and forty saloon passengers on the Gallia was Mr. R. S. Rhodes, the deaf inventor of the audiphone, a fan-like instrument which materially alleviates certain phases of deafness; a liberal-minded Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Hennessey, of Dubuque, Iowa, and the Duke of Sutherland and several of his co-directors of the London and North-Western Railway, bent on a tour of inspection of the American lines. At dawn of Sunday the Gallia anchored amid innumerable seagulls in the blue waters of Queenstown Harbour, surrounded by soft-outlined hills. The distant town and white villas dotted

about the slopes clothed with trees just breaking into leaf, and lighted up with bright spring sunshine, made a lovely scene. Here Dr. W. H. Russell, keen-eyed and alert as ever, and looking fit to chronicle the varying fortunes of a fresh campaign, joined the duke's party. The days passed too rapidly away, with rope quoits, shuffle-board, athletic sports, gossip, and betting on the run on deck, and music at night in the saloon. Nor was the voyage wholly devoid of domestic incident, for a girl baby was born in the steerage. A genial Quaker proved a "Friend" in deed, and collected £20 for the little Gallia, as she was subsequently christened in honour of the vessel, the wits suggesting that she received too much encouragement, and that her name would speedily degenerate into "Gal." A lively young widow became re-engaged; and, unhappily, three seamen of the midnight watch were seriously injured during a sudden gale which sprang up in the "rolling forties," and, abating next day, enabled us to realise the inexpressible grandeur of the Atlantic waves, which seemed literally mountains high as they stood out against the distant grey sky-line, or broke over the bows as the ship rose out of the trough and cut her way through them in a mist of white foam. By far the most beautiful sight of the voyage was the phosphorescence at night, when the jelly-fishes shone out like floating stars of the ocean. Some of them, pale blue, seemed as large as the palm of a hand, and twinkled away beneath the surface of the water more brilliantly than their rivals in the sky.

On Sunday evening the screw was silent for a few moments, and the New York pilot stepped on board; his first words, "Lord Beaconsfield is dead," casting a gloom over most of the party. The low sandy shores of Long Island were sighted early next morning, and the Bay of New York looked beautiful in the brilliant sunshine, and under a truly American sky of a bright blue flecked with fleecy white clouds. Anchoring just nine days after leaving Liverpool, for the quarantine and customs officers to board, we all filed into the saloon to take the "customary" oath respecting contraband goods, a solemn proceeding, which did not ensure us from a tedious detention at Pier 40, the new covered landing-stage of the

Cunard Company on Manhattan Island. Here we waited an hour watching the baggage as it was tumbled pell-mell down a gangway, with not unreasonable doubts as to the strength of fastenings, and, after rescuing our own, getting it passed by an inquisitorial but civil officer of customs; and finally making it over with a dollar, somewhat doubtfully, in exchange for a slip of paper to a baggage express man, we felt free to seek our hotel.

Realising the fact that the American "hack," or cab, was a luxury that would cost us, as unwary strangers, at least three dollars and a row, we sauntered forth on foot. The streets in that part of the city, and the red-brick, green-shuttered houses, remind one much of Rotterdam. After a few inquiries, we reached the Blecker Street depôt of the Elevated Railroad, and twenty minutes' experience of that comfortable mode of street transit landed us at W. Fiftieth Street, within a block of Fifth Avenue and the Buckingham Hotel, to which we had been recommended. New York city was full, although the season was drawing to a close, and we were more fortunate than many of our fellow-voyagers, who, arriving later, found many of the hotels overflowing, and had to run the gauntlet of several that night. As it was, there was such an influx of baggage that our traps had not arrived at midnight, so first impressions of the baggage express system were not favourable. However, an investment in the inevitable black bag, or "sleeper," which is the inseparable companion of every travelling American, relieved us of anxiety on future occasions, when, as was very often the case, the trunks did not turn up for some time after us.

We found the Buckingham—a comparatively small hotel, receiving about two hundred, chiefly resident guests—to be on the European plan, which is really the most convenient for sight-seers, as it is often impossible to return for the regular meals; besides, one has to possess one's appetite in patience on arriving at an American house between the fixed hours for feeding, for if there is no restaurant attached, neither love nor money will procure food. It proved to be the quietest, most luxurious, and at the same time the most home-like of all our many quarters in the States. The manager was always ready to give information most courteously, a quality I subsequently learnt to value highly, as after-experience taught me it was about as profitable to quarry granite for fossils as to attempt to extract information from most of the hotel clerks, who, with the western "baggage smashers" and some Irish citizens, are the only disagreeable specimens of the genus *homo* encountered in the States. For every American, as a rule, is a gentleman in his behaviour to women, and the country is a paradise for the most timorous and helpless of unprotected females to travel in.

Our rooms were high up, on the sixth, but this is always a matter of indifference everywhere, for well-appointed elevators (lifts) save one the labour of stair-mounting, that dreaded ordeal for weary tourists in European hotels. The windows gave an extensive view of the city and a large area of square roofs. Just opposite was the Roman

Catholic cathedral of S. Patrick, a noble Gothic edifice, built of pure white marble. Beyond were the trees of Central Park, and to the left the docks and ships on the Hudson River, really an arm of the sea. Night falls early, for there is but scant twilight, and the sight towards evening was a very weird one. Here and there the flare of a furnace or the lights in Steinway's many-windowed factory; below, the paler glare of electricity; while above, the variegated lamps of the frequent trains on the "Elevated," like aerial fire-serpents, pervaded the city; or a sudden flash and roar marked the passage, half under a neighbouring roadway, of the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, and horse-cars innumerable flashed by in the avenues—ill-paved business thoroughfares, and not the pleasant boulevards their name suggests. But the dull roar of traffic is comparatively absent day and night, and New York city, at its busiest hours and in its busiest streets, seems quiet to a Londoner's ear.

A large red stone building near the hotel, with numerous small windows and many turrets, proved on inquiry to be Columbia College, to which a School of Mines is attached. We found the geological collection connected therewith to be affected by that chronic old-world museum ailment—want of space; for it is exhibited in a long, narrow, and not particularly well lighted gallery at the top of the building. But it contains a fine series of Triassic fishes from the sandstones of New Jersey, and the historical remains of the great Devonian fish—the *Dinichthys*, which existed in the Devonian age in what is now the State of Ohio. The body of this truly "terrible fish" was about sixteen feet long, three feet in diameter, and encased, with the exception of the tail, between a ventral and massive dorsal shield resembling those of a turtle. Its jaws were two feet long, armed with a jagged cutting edge and terminal shear-like teeth, resembling those of its modern degenerate ally, the small African Mud-fish (*Lepidosiren*). The finest specimens of the *Dinichthys* were destroyed by fire soon after their discovery, but those now exhibited here enable one to form a good idea of this tyrant of the waters in a bygone epoch. It was fully described and figured by Dr. J. S. Newberry, Chief of the Survey of Ohio, in the geological reports of that State. This gentleman, one of the explorers of the wonderful cañons, or gorges, of the Colorado river in Lieut. Ives's expedition, now holds the Geological Chair at Columbia College. He received us most cordially, and took infinite pains in describing the beauties of the collection. The hours passed rapidly away in his genial society, and the hope he expressed that we might all meet again in the "West," whither he also was bound in the summer, was heartily reciprocated, though with but faint anticipations of realisation on our part. Oddly enough, however, three months later we encountered this distinguished and kind-hearted New York scientist in Salt Lake City, Utah.

It was a great disappointment to find the Aquarium in Broadway completely broken up. The tanks were sold by auction during our stay in the

city, so we could only become acquainted with the American fishes in the shops and at table, and, excepting the white fish and shad, there is nothing much to be said in favour of their edible qualities. The Canadian salmon and salmon-trout perhaps equal those of North Europe, but in the States (California excepted) they are coarser in fibre and far inferior in flavour. The white fish abounds in the great lakes, and the shad—a kind of river mackerel—is also caught off the coast and in New York Harbour. No good flat-fish occur off the Atlantic seaboard, but the Blue Point oysters equal their reputation.

A morning was pleasantly spent in the National Academy of Design. The annual exhibition was a small but even one, and there seemed a smaller percentage of actually bad pictures than is usual with us. There were many lady exhibitors, and much of the work savoured of the British and Continental schools. At first the ashen flesh tints of the portraits seemed unnatural, but observation proved them true to nature, especially in young children, who are remarkably pallid. Bierstadt, Moran, and Church have rendered the American landscape painters famous, and there is a vast amount of native humour in the delineations of the domestic and social life of the coloured people and animal life also, humour of a most original kind. My attention was especially attracted by a clever animal picture, in which Mr. W. K. Beard depicts the "expressions of the emotions"—curiosity, leering cunning, self-appreciation, mischief, and a sense of the ludicrous—in the features and attitudes of a number of bears. These are truly "Making Game of the Hunter"—a weak-kneed, enthusiastic naturalist collector, who falls back, pallid and gasping, into the paws of one bear, while another has seized his gun, and holds it with easy carelessness, pointing it, trigger down, at their unfortunate victim. Several other bears watch, and seem to enjoy the affair, for the artist has given a distinct individuality to each animal actor, which is only equalled by the word-pictures of our novelist James Payn, who also succeeds in enduing his animal creations with a vivid and distinct reality. Another small canvas, entitled, "A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Bush," represented a cat and terrier, both equally excited over a rat-hole in a boarded floor, while the owl contemplates them with amused serenity, clutching a rat meanwhile in his claw.

The Buckingham was very conveniently situated "up town," and a short walk across Fifth Avenue and down W. Fiftieth Street brought us to one of the depôts of the Elevated, which, like aerial Swiss cottages, meet one's eyes about every third corner. A train soon came up and as speedily departed, and we were whirled smoothly and rapidly away to the American Museum of Natural History, over streets and avenues, round the most abrupt curves, on a level with the second or third-floor windows of the houses lining the route. It is, indeed, an agreeable mode of transit, cool even in summer, as the swift motion creates a current of air, and the double blinds shelter the roomy cane-seated and arm-partitioned seats from the rays of the sun, and there is but little dust to annoy one.

But the grooved iron platforms on which the trains run make the streets beneath very dark, and it cannot be pleasant for those who occupy the shops and houses on the route, for the trains run every few minutes all hours of the day and most of the night. In fact, it depreciates the value of adjacent property; but New Yorkers would fare badly without the "Elevated," and the Philadelphians have recently opened one on their own account.

Alighting in about twenty minutes at Eighty-first Street, we found ourselves in surprise in a bleak and unfinished quarter, as a previous glance at Appleton's map showed regular lines of street. In reality, however, a tall mansion here and there, with blank rough spaces between, represents the W. Seventy-second, Seventy-third, and Seventy-fourth Streets, etc., of this part of the city, and one can see natural rock sections utilised as usual as advertisement spaces of the merits of Gargling Oil, Sozodont, Hop Bitters, and other famous remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to, within four miles of the throngs of Broadway.

The American Museum of Natural History stands in a large uneven area facing Central Park on Eighth Avenue, between W. Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets. Only the twelfth part of the building is at present erected, and the ground-plan of our national "temple of nature" at South Kensington looked very small in comparison with that of this institution, which will eventually cover eighteen acres. But the section already completed is perfect in itself. A spacious lower hall contains the mammalia; that above is occupied by the avian collection, the birds of North America being admirably represented. The anthropological collection on the third floor is rich in American prehistoric remains and archaeological treasures illustrating the life-habits of modern savages of many tribes and countries. The upper, or "Geological Hall," is devoted almost exclusively to the fine series of invertebrate fossils from the ancient fossiliferous rocks collected by Professor James Hall, State Geologist of New York, in a lifetime spent in the field. This, purchased for the museum for sixty-eight thousand dollars, is probably one of the finest Palæozoic collections in the world. It contains over seven thousand figured or type specimens, and is specially rich in shell-fish, crinoids, and extinct crustaceans (*trilobites*), and some magnificent specimens of fossil sponges (*stromatopora*), which bear a great external resemblance to that much discussed primal organism, "Dawson's Eozoon Canadense."

The vast galleries are cool, well ventilated, and admirably lighted. None of the museum space has been sacrificed to architectural features, which have been throughout subordinated to the purposes for which the museum was erected, therefore there is not a single ill-lighted case in the building. The fittings are massive and dust-proof, and the collections well preserved and legibly labelled throughout. The attic floor is set apart for the spacious apartments of the directorate, scientific libraries, and suites of rooms for special students, who can deposit collections, compare

them, and find works of reference to hand with every facility for serious study. Large elevators supply means of transporting bulky and heavy material from basement to attics—necessaries completely ignored when South Kensington Natural History Museum was erected. In fact, the institution is characterised throughout by that eminently practical subordination of means to the end in view which makes the Americans in advance of us in museum arrangements, as well as many other matters.

After a pleasant chat over luncheon with the superintendent, Professor A. S. Bickmore, an enthusiastic archæologist, thoroughly *au fait* in all structural museum details, and Professor R. P. Whitfield, the laborious geological curator, we were introduced to Mr. C. D. Walcott. This gentleman had just brought his lengthened investigations on Trilobites to a successful conclusion. He showed us the specimens and sections which had enabled him to prove that these extinct organisms were not limbless, but provided with true body legs, and to settle this long-disputed question. Thus, patient individual research, carried on in all quarters of the world, adds to the sum of human knowledge respecting the structure and life-habits of the humbler organisms of bygone epochs. The American Museum of Natural History supplies students in New York city with an admirable series of instructive collections for study. It provides fireproof receptacles for valuable scientific libraries, and advanced students from all parts with the opportunities for prosecuting scientific researches. A series of lectures, to be associated with the Board Schools of the city, will shortly be inaugurated, and promote an exact knowledge of the natural sciences among the youthful citizens. The institution is managed by a board of trustees of prominent citizens, such as R. L. Stewart, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Pierrepont Morgan. It is supported by municipal grants and private munificence, and managed by a small staff of five scientists.

There is a fine view eastwards of the city and Central Park, and westwards of the Hudson and the opposite heights of the State of New Jersey, from its windows. Just outside the main entrance a large portion of the ancient surface of the Laurentian schists is exposed, exhibiting grooves and furrows, the work of the great glaciers, which once sculptured the whole of this region, and are indisputable evidence of one of the numerous geological vicissitudes of the site of this great city.

The main city of New York occupies Manhattan, or New York Island, which is about thirteen miles long and four and a half wide, and is separated from the New Jersey shore by the Hudson, and on the eastern side from Brooklyn city on Long Island by East River. Both channels unite on the south to form the harbour, which is greatly silted up. Dr. J. S. Newberry describes New York Island as, geologically speaking, one of the *oldest* portions of the continent, and as consisting of strata corresponding in age with some horizons of the Laurentian series so largely developed in Canada. These gneissic and mica slates also constitute the platform of much of the adjacent

country. New York Island remained a land surface throughout the rest of the Palæozoic ages, and was therefore exposed to aerial waste and abrasion, whilst the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous rocks were deposited on either side of it in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. But in the Triassic epoch a considerable portion of the neighbouring region was under water; that which is now the plain of New Jersey was then a tidal estuary. Numberless bright-scaled fishes inhabited its lagoons, various kinds of otherwise unknown reptiles left the imprints of their footsteps on its muddy shores, and gloomy cone-bearing forest-trees crowned the adjacent heights. There was considerable volcanic action at this period, which resulted in the outbursts of trap rock forming the palisades of the Hudson and other well-known landmarks of to-day. The Triassic sandstones yield the brown stone of which New York city is mainly built; while the flag-stones paving its thoroughfares are derived from the Palæozoic slates, and are sometimes so highly charged with particles of mica as to reflect the sunshine at one's feet.

In the succeeding Jurassic epochs the coast region was again above water, but it subsided in the Cretaceous, when the green sands of New Jersey were deposited. In the Eocene the sea again encroached as far as the Alleghany Mountains, but in the Miocene and Pliocene the area was re-elevated and a moderate and subsequently semi-tropical climate prevailed from New York to Greenland. But another great change crept gradually on, and a vast ice sheet came down from the then ice-bound North, bringing an Arctic climate and flora in its wake. The New York area was again submerged and subjected to glacial action, of which the traces are everywhere apparent at this day. This enormous mass of ice ground down hills, filled up valleys, grinding, scratching, and polishing the softer rocks in its course, and rounding into hump-like masses those of harder texture—as in the roches moutonnées of Central Park. It filled up deep water channels with the material thus worn away, and scooped out fresh water basins, as that of Long Island Sound, when passing over clay or sandstones of less resisting power than the older rocks. Long Island, wholly composed of deposits of sand and gravel, is believed to have been the terminal moraine of this enormous glacier. Then the continental shore line extended farther seawards. Now the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island are gradually sinking; so, in course of time, nature may once more assert her power, destroy her own handiwork, and obliterate those natural features which have here created a noble harbour—the source of the commercial prosperity of the tide-washed island city of New York.

Of the attractions of the stately Metropolitan Museum of Art, which stands opposite the American Museum of Natural History, on the other side of Central Park, I can say nothing, as it was then closed for the return of loan specimens; but it contains the famous Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities, purchased for £3,000, after it had been offered to and refused by the authorities of

the British Museum. Near by stands the obelisk presented to the American Government by the Khedive of Egypt. The park is not unlike the Bois de Cambres at Brussels. It covers over 800 acres, most of which was originally rock and marsh, and contains ornamental lakes and the reservoirs which supply the city with water, conveyed through an aqueduct forty miles long from Croton Lake, situated six miles from the mouth of a small tributary of the Hudson. The water is certainly very good, and one hears much of its excellence. But imagination sometimes goes a long way even with water-drinkers, if the following story be true. A hypochondriac, who was observed by his friends to be unusually vigorous, told them he had not felt so well for years, and ascribed his cure to drinking the waters of a beautiful mineral spring which he had discovered bursting from some rocks in Central Park. On inquiry, however, this spring proved to be derived from a leak in a water-pipe conveying the Croton water into the city. Some parts of the park are very rural; one wood-surrounded slope, with sheep and lambs pasturing, jays, thrushes, and large bright-coloured robins running about, and a lake in the background, looked specially picturesque. The walks and drives are beautifully planted, and ferns crop out of every rocky nook. The trees were but just breaking into leaf, but one bright yellow broom-like shrub was everywhere heavy with blossoms. It was very amusing to watch the carriages in the drive; at one spot over a hundred of all kinds went by in five minutes. The one and two-horse slender-wheeled buggies swept swiftly past, the long-tailed horses stepping out freely and naturally without the check or bearing-rein, but with a comical uncontrolled look, as though they meant to sneak off round the first corner with the carriage and its owner. Many of the horses were cropped and reined-in in the stiff English fashion. American "whips" sit ungracefully and hold a rein in each hand, but they are true sons of Jehu, and drive furiously over bad roads and most unlikely places. The horses, as a rule, take little or no notice of the rail track and locomotives, alongside of which they frequently run. Native-built barouches are heavy and cumbersome, with a high seat, and the coloured coachmen looked important enough, but their turn-outs were generally immaculate. The slender-wheeled "rockaways" and buggies, built of native hickory and cherry woods, look too fragile for transit over the rough pavements which prevail even in Fifth Avenue, which was gay with carriages every afternoon. But it is a narrow, ill-paved street, disappointing in aspect, although the upper part is lined with splendid mansions, among which three stone edifices, recently erected for the Vanderbilt family, attract attention rather from their size and heavy appearance than any beauty of design. Asylums for the poor are not shunted into by-ways of New York city, for a hospital and orphanage front on Fifth Avenue. It is amusing to see children disporting on roller skates and toy tricycles on the side walks of this fashionable promenade.

The most beautiful structure connected with rambling and unfinished Brooklyn city is the

graceful Suspension Bridge over East River, which, eleven years in construction, it is supposed will some day unite the two cities. At present the only means of communication between them is by means of the admirable walking beam ferry-boats, which cross the river every five minutes, and fit exactly into wharfs on either side, allowing horses, carriages, and people to pass over with but a momentary interruption of traffic. Once landed in Brooklyn, the horse-car ride to Greenwood Cemetery seemed interminable. Just outside the gates there is a large sloping enclosure, for which it is said the late Mr. A. Stewart offered 100,000 dollars in vain; now, by a strange irony of fate, his last resting-place is unknown. The cemetery contains much that savours of monumental folly, but the grounds are very beautiful. The pink and white magnolia-trees were borne down with blossom, and the view of the harbour, Long Island Sound, and the New York and New Jersey shore is very extensive. During the winter no ground interments are possible, on account of the frost, and the coffins are received into large reception-rooms built for the purpose. Recrossing the river, and catching an "up-town" train, we were speedily transported over the busiest parts of the city. In walking to the hotel about five p.m. we passed down a street full of carriages containing ladies *en grande toilette*, who were attending a reception after a wedding in one of the brown-stone mansions. The neighbouring streets were blocked with handsome equipages.

But it is certainly a most incongruous city, for a shanty is elbowed by lofty structures even in Broadway, and unsightly hoardings disfigure one of the chief approaches to Central Park. The roads and side-walks are wretchedly paved and ill-kept, and some of the sanitary arrangements are simple in the extreme. A row of refuse hogsheads, for instance, standing in fashionable quarters, contrasts somewhat oddly with white marble doorsteps, mahogany doors, and silver door-knockers. That spring, however, the municipal government was notoriously corrupt. New York, like most of the big cities, is ruled by the Irish vote. The Irish abound, and seem, as a rule, to have lost their *bonhomie* in the Atlantic transit, for they are uncivil and overbearing. They are ardent politicians, of course, although their discernment does not always equal their zeal. In the days when political agents met the emigrant ships at the docks, one enterprising fellow accosted a newly-arrived son of Erin to ascertain if he was a Democrat or a Republican. Pat was momentarily embarrassed, for he was "no politishun at all;" but brightening up, asked eagerly, "Have ye a governmint here?" "Why, certainly." "Then put me down as agin that," said Pat, triumphantly solving his political views.

When the first novelty of the bustle of narrow Broadway, with its ugly chocolate-and-white telegraph posts and thronging motley crowd, has worn away, New York city falls on one, and eight days after landing we were not unwilling to leave, *via* the Hudson River Railroad, as the day boats were not running, for Albany, the political capital of the State of New York, which exceeds England in size.

FANS.



FAN OF PLUMES; HILLEARD'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ABOUT four years ago, in July, 1878, there was a wonderful exhibition of fans in the Drapers' Hall, under the auspices of "the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers." The Princess Louise graciously became the patroness of the exhibition, and the Lord and Lady Mayoress of the year, with other public personages, gave official *éclat* to the show. Prizes were allotted, and many thousand visitors were delighted by the display of above thirteen hundred fans, old and new. The catalogue is a document of historical as well as artistic interest, and is enriched by a prefatory essay from the accomplished pen of George Augustus Sala.

There have been various exhibitions of fans, at South Kensington and elsewhere, but it is not likely that a collection so varied and complete will ever again be brought together as in that at the Drapers' Hall. The money value of the objects was estimated at above £15,000, but the chief interest lay in the art and taste displayed in the exhibition. Of some of the more notable objects we give illustrations, but more permanent interest attaches to the general subject than to individual specimens. The collection was speedily dispersed, but we turn with pleasure to the preface in the catalogue, in which Mr. Sala discoursed on the history and literature of fans. From this we extract a few notes.

It would be useless to insist on the immense antiquity of the fan, as its employment in the East dates literally from time immemorial. The lotus or the peacock-feather fan—several paintings of both of which varieties have been discovered at Pompeii and at Stabia—was, from its long handle and rigid mount, peculiarly adapted to

being manipulated by another person to the individual fanned; thus in Roman houses there was usually a young slave, called the *flabellifer*, whose duty it was to stand behind the *Domina* and fan her when required. Inattention to the due management of the *flabellum* exposed the *flabellifer* to the imminent risk of making personal acquaintance with another domestic appliance in constant use, the *flagellum*. Precisely the same functions were exercised, under similar penalties in case of failure, by juvenile negroes and negresses in the days of West Indian slavery; and the Indian punkah, without which no bungalow is complete, is only a mechanical modification of the ancient *pinis*.

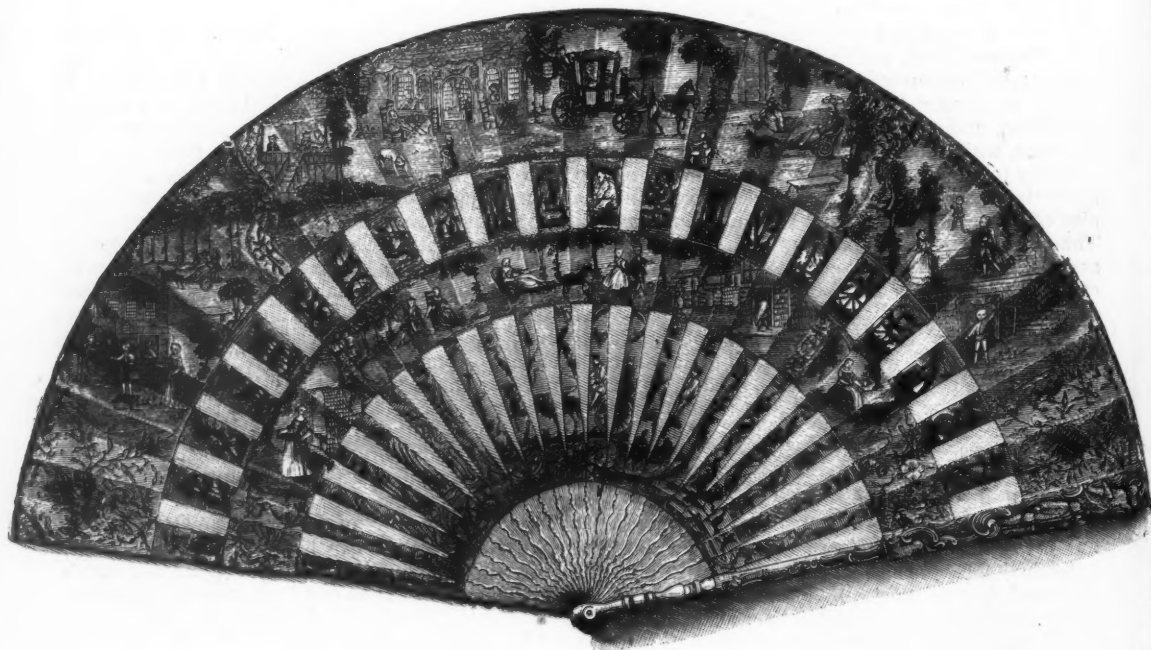
M. Blondel, however, in his "Histoire des Eventails," alleges that fans, or air-coolers suspended from the ceiling, were in use in Spain and in Italy in the days of Louis Quatorze, while a bas-relief discovered in the ruins of Koyosundjik shows that a machine almost exactly similar to the modern Indian punkah was employed by the ancient Assyrians. It is, indeed, probable that the Greeks received the fan from the Assyrians through intermediate trade with the Phœnicians; and although Homer and Anacreon make no mention of fans, their use is distinctly adverted to in the "Orestes" of Euripides. From many designs extant on ancient urns it is likewise proved that the art of fan-making had made great progress among the Etruscans. Huge parasol-fans were extensively used in the liturgic rites of Pagan Rome, and were adopted in the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church—witness the enormous feathered banners borne before the Pope when he is carried processionally in the *sedes gestatoria* round the interior of St. Peter's. It is not, however, by any means desirable that feather-fans should become fashionable. The material does not present a sufficient resistance to the air to render it useful as a ventilator; feathers easily yield to the attacks of damp, dust, moths, and moisture, and a large demand for them necessarily involves the necessity for the cruel slaughter of numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures. There are plenty of legitimate materials from which fan-mounts can be made; from ebony to ivory, from silk and satin to the perfumed woods of India, the bamboo of China, and the lacquered wood and *papier-maché* of Japan; but the branch of production in this respect which the exhibition promoted by the Fanmakers' Company seems specially designed to stimulate, is the painting by hand of artistic fan-mounts on silk, satin, vellum, or chicken-skin. Fruit and flower pieces, figure subjects, arabesques, landscapes, miniatures—almost every variety, in fine, of decorative art—can be adapted to the purpose of enriching fan-mounts. The process of painting, while it demands taste skill and sedulous care, is not

surrounded—as is the case with etching and with painting on china or earthenware—with any very trying technical difficulties; and it is thus a pursuit particularly suitable to be followed by women. It might be injudicious, perhaps, to exclude from the category of fan-decorating processes deserving praise the higher forms of chromo-lithography or of block-printing in colours, when the fans have to be sold cheaply; but the *beau idéal* of an artistic fan is one painted entirely by hand, and which, if it be deftly executed, becomes thereby “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.” History yet preserves the memory of Leonora d’Este’s fan, which, kissing, she threw to Tasso as an avowal of her love; and there is a fan, the shape of which has been immortalised by Titian, and only a single specimen of which, in open-worked parchment, decorated with the rarest Venetian lace, is, it is stated, in existence. It was not until the end of the sixteenth century that water-colour painting began to be employed in the decoration of paper and parchment fans in Europe, although for many centuries Chinese fans had been painted in *aquarelle*. In France, fan-painting made great progress in the reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIII, but it was only in that of Louis XIV that the *Eventailistes* succeeded in having their rights acknowledged by a charter of incorporation. The

lege of manufacturing and dealing in the article. A similar conflict of interests may have occurred in England. Thus the Fanmakers’ Company have no reason to be ashamed that their incorporation took place so late as the eighth of Queen Anne, when the Grand Monarque was still on the French throne.

Two of the most beautiful eighteenth century fans extant are, one, the mount of which is of lace, and which belonged to Madame de Pompadour, and another of carved ivory, presented by the City of Dieppe (still renowned for its ivory carving) to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette on the occasion of the birth of the Dauphin in 1785. The Pompadour fan is probably of Italian origin. Nine years were consumed in making it, and it cost £6,000 sterling. Each section, in addition to the embroidery, is decorated with a medallion containing a masterpiece of miniature-painting. Marie Antoinette’s fan, qualified by Balzac as “the handsomest of all celebrated fans,” is open-worked, and carved with the representation of an episode in the life of Alexander the Great by Le Flamand, after a design by Vien, first painter to the household of Louis xv.

There are numerous well-known historical examples of “eccentric fans,” the eccentricity of which has generally been found to mar their



FRENCH FAN. LOUIS XV.

(In the possession of the Countess de Chambrun, Paris.)

various crafts of artisans and dealers connected with the fan industry had previously fiercely contested the recognition of fan-making as a distinct art, as this would have deprived them of the privi-

beauty. Such are the “doubled” fan, the “parasol” fan, the “pocket-hook” fan, the “dressing-case” fan, and the “pistol” fan. At the Vienna Exhibition, in 1873, was displayed a very peculiar



FRENCH FAN. LOUIS XV.

(In the possession of the Countess d'Armaillé, Paris.)

fan, each rib of which represented either a fork, a spoon, a knife, a comb, or a pair of scissors, each piece being easily removable when required without disarranging the symmetry of the whole. "Opera-glass" fans and "scent-bottle" fans, "agenda" fans for balls—for inscribing a lady's engagements to dance—"calendar" fans, comprising a complete almanack, have been popular enough at different times, while *abanicos de la Plaza de Toros*, or "bull-fighting" fans, decorated with lively portraits of the most celebrated *pica-dores*, *banderilleros*, and *matadores* of the day, are often seen in Spain. A Spanish lady is, however, usually content, for every-day purposes, with a large fan of black or crimson silk, with an ivory or ebony handle wholly unornamented. With such an *abanico* she can converse fluently in that copious but difficult vocabulary the "language of the fan"—a language far more dramatically expressive than that of flowers.

The fan has been celebrated by the pens of Addison and Steele, of Congreve and Gay. It plays a conspicuous part in the pictures of Hogarth. Mrs. Chenevix, the "toy-woman" from whom Horace Walpole purchased the cottage which he developed into Strawberry Hill, and "Charles," the famous vendor of "clouded canes," described in the "Tatler," had probably made a good deal of their money by a spirited trade in fans.

How completely fan-making, as a branch of British manufacturing industry, had declined among us at so recent a period as the fourteenth year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, will be shown by referring to the official, descriptive, and illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851. From Spain was sent a series of fans and paintings for fans. Exhibits of a like kind were displayed from France. Fans, either dainty, or quaint, or quaintly savage in design, were sent

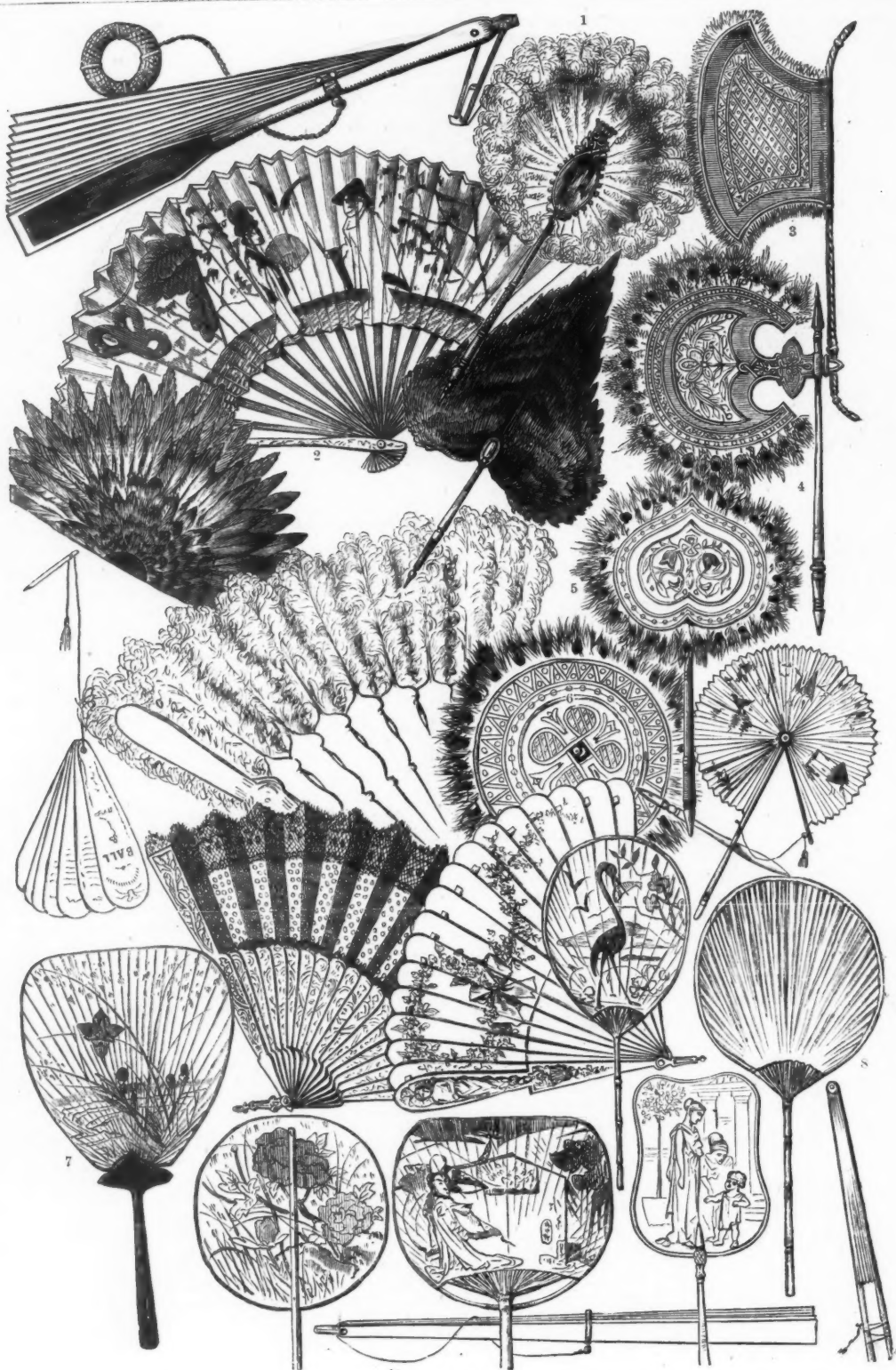
from Ceylon, from China, from Egypt, from Trinidad in the West Indies, and from the West Coast of Africa. From Great Britain, in the way of fan production, came nothing whatever. We were, at the epoch named, content to leave the production of artistically painted fans in the hands of our French neighbours. The nascent interest in these beautiful articles felt by the cultivated portion of the community was shown by the popularity of the Loan Exhibition of Fans organised under the auspices of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington in 1870.

In the literature of fans, nothing is more classical than Addison's paper (No. 102 of the "Spectator") on the Fan Exercise, which is described with delicate humour.

"Mr. Spectator,—Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: 'Handle your fans,' 'Unfurl your fans,' 'Discharge your fans,' 'Ground your fans,' 'Recover your fans,' 'Flutter your fans.' By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

"But, to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to 'Handle their fans,' each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

"The next motion is that of 'Unfurling the fan,' in which



1. Old French.

2. Chinese.

3, 4. Burmese.

5, 6. Indian.

7, 8. Japanese.

are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

"Upon my giving the word to 'Discharge their fans,' they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care—in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions—to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

"When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to 'Ground their fans.' This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table—which stands by for that purpose—may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

"When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time, when, on a

sudden—like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit—they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, 'Recover your fans.' This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

"The 'Fluttering of the fan' is the last—and, indeed, the masterpiece of the whole exercise—but if a lady does not mis-spend her time she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise, for as soon as ever I pronounce, 'Flutter your fans' the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

"There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any motion of the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it, and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, 'The Passions of the Fan,' which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public."

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

AMONG the antiquities of Southern Italy, a region rich in classic associations, few present greater attraction to the tourist than the ruins of the ancient city of Pæstum. Till comparatively recent times these ruins were scarcely known and rarely visited, although in some respects unique in character and of rare grandeur. Now that there are facilities for reaching the place by train from Salerno, we may expect that wider interest will be shown in regard to the remains of a city once renowned in history and in poetry. What classic scholar does not know Virgil's allusion in his *Georgics* to the roses of Pæstum—"biferi rosaria Pæsti"? Twice a year, the spring and autumn, there was lavish growth of the fragrant flowers there cultivated. Of these Rose Gardens not a trace remains. And in old Roman history, when Pæstum was a colony, it was one of the Italian cities which remained faithful in all trials, even during the reverses of the second Punic War. Once a rich and flourishing city and seaport, it is now a desolate place, but with gigantic remains of three temples in a state of marvellous preservation.

Let us recall, in few words, the chief events in the history of Pæstum. The date of the first foundation is unknown, but it was occupied, five or six centuries before the Christian era, by a colony from Sybaris, when that city ruled over all Lucania. These colonists of Greek race called the place Posidonia—the city of Poseidon or Nep-

tune. That it long continued an important maritime city we know from the designs on coins and medals. We know also that the citizens volunteered to equip galleys in aid of the Romans, after they became their subjects. Pæstum was made a Roman colony shortly after the departure of Pyrrhus from Italy. There are various allusions to the place in Greek and Latin writers down to the fall of the empire. It is said to have been the first city in Southern Italy to embrace the Christian faith, and it was the seat of a bishopric in the fifth century, at which time the Bishop of Pæstum is mentioned among those who attended a council at Rome. In after ages it fell under the power of the Saracens, and then of the Norman pirates, till it fell into decay, the port being silted up, and the territory around turned into a swamp from the neglect of the river courses. During many centuries the fear of marsh malaria and of lawless brigands kept the once fertile region in seclusion, and the former glories of the city seemed forgotten.

It was only in the middle of last century that Antonini, in a work on the topography of Lucania, recalled attention to the ruins of the temples of Pæstum. Mazzochi, and other Italian architects and scholars, took up the subject, and in 1779 Mr. Swinburne first made the antiquities known to Englishmen, followed by the descriptions of Wilkins in his "Magna Græcia." They are described in all modern guide-books.

There are no authentic data for determining the age or the origin of these majestic ruins, especially of the great temple, which is popularly called by the name of Neptune, though without other reason than that the city was once named after him. Whether the builders were Phœnicians, or Pelasgi, or later Greeks, is not known, but the temples are generally admitted to have belonged to a period long anterior to the Roman colonisation.

As to the grandeur of the ruins there is no question. The style is of the earliest Doric, and the structure is of such cyclopean materials as to have been saved from the ravages of ordinary spoilers. The columns are at their base about seven feet in diameter, and nearly five feet at the

top, the height being less than thirty feet. The great temple is nearly two hundred feet in length, and in breadth seventy-eight feet. The other temples, named respectively the Temple of Vesta or Ceres, and the Temple of Peace, with other fragmentary ruins, are also worthy of more careful study than has been hitherto given by archaeologists. What is recorded of recent explorations will be found in ordinary books of reference, such as Travellers' Handbooks, Smith's Dictionary of Ancient Geography, and the Encyclopædias; the information afforded being somewhat meagre, and compiled from the same authorities.

Our engraving is from a recently-taken photograph.

ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. T. BLACKLEY, M.A.

PART II.—HINDRANCES.

XV.—THE GRAND SOCIAL HINDRANCE TO THRIFT AND PROVIDENCE.

WE have thus touched a great number of the more obvious hindrances to thrift which are to be found in the nature of things. And probably many a one of our readers, who, perhaps, from previous unfamiliarity with the subject, will have noticed for the first time the existence of these hindrances, will have said to himself something like this: "These difficulties, so plain when closely viewed, so indistinct from a distance, are doubtless many and great; but in their kind and their degree they are difficulties common, more or less, to all men in all places. Their existence and their magnitude does not, after all, solve the question, which so constantly forces itself upon our notice, why the richest nation in the world, which ours is, should have such horrible want and misery to show, and why, in our land, where wages are highest and hours of labour fewest, there should be, as there admittedly is, an exceptional and appalling amount of wastefulness and misery. Individual recklessness may be found anywhere in the world; but why is it so common in England as to have become its national reproach?"

Of course there must be a reason for the existence of this deplorable fact. And it would be a cruel libel on the nature of English men and women to admit that the reason of our national thriftlessness lies in our own moral depravity; that, in a country which owes all its prosperity and greatness to Christianity, people so generally should be found acting contrary to the first social principles that religion lays down (in requiring every man, on pain of being reckoned a denier of the faith, to provide for his own, and, as a necessary preliminary, to provide for himself), would be incredible, were our social circumstances exactly identical with those of poorer and less religious

nations, which do their Christian duty, in this respect, far more faithfully than we. If this grave fault lay in the nature of the English people as an exceptional moral taint, it would be, however humbling to our pride, less shameful to our character, and we should be objects of compassion rather than of blame. But this is not so. The fault does not lie in the English nature, which is no worse than French or Swiss or German nature; it lies in the nature of our laws. And so much the better for our future prospects, since we may change bad laws, or neutralise their bad effects, as we grow older and grow wiser; but we cannot change our nature, however bad that nature be.

In a word, and the word cannot be made too strong to attract the thoughtful attention of my readers, it is not because our people are naturally a bad, beggarly, thriftless race, that our great national wealth is disgraced by our great national wretchedness. It is because of the existence in England, and *nowhere else*, of a bad and demoralising Poor Law, which, as I shall proceed to show, makes such multitudes of our people reckless, improvident, and miserable.

XVI.—IS OUR ENGLISH POOR LAW REALLY EXCEPTIONAL?

A good many people who have not studied the question are always ready to fall foul of this strong general statement I have made. They say that as there are Poor Laws in other countries, as well as Poor Laws in England, our Poor Law is not exceptional at all; and in support of this statement they refer to the title of a very interesting (and now scarce) Blue-book, published in 1875, as a Parliamentary paper [C-1255] on "Poor Laws in Foreign Countries." The error they fall into is in wrongly supposing that no other nation can

have or make any law affecting the poor different from our own.

The answer is to be found in the very book whose title they quote; we find there (p. 7) the following authoritative statement: "There are only two countries in Europe, England and Denmark, in which the poor are relieved exclusively by a special tax levied for the purpose."

We turn to the special report on the Danish Poor Law, sent in by Mr. Strachey, and find the admitted badness of the system there existing to have led to the initiation of thorough reform of their method, which is still in progress, though not yet accomplished; and the general reform to have been proved indispensable, even though the Danish system, exceptional though it be, is so far from coinciding exactly with the worst features of our English method (wherewith it is disgracefully coupled) that Mr. Strachey is able to say in his report (p. 128, line 6), "*There are in Denmark no poor rates.*" This may be sufficient, for the present at least, to prove the fact that our English Poor Law is exceptional.

XVII.—IS THE EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER OF OUR ENGLISH POOR LAW JUSTIFIED BY ITS SUCCESS?

The principle of our Poor Law system, which compels all thrifty and provident people, the poor as well as the rich, to support all wasteful people, seems in itself so very unreasonable, that a vast number of persons volunteer in its defence the statement that its existence renders it impossible for any one in England to die of hunger.

This excuse for a bad law existing here, which does not exist elsewhere, can only be allowed to pass on the supposition that more persons die of hunger in other civilised countries than in our own. Unhappily there is no ground save that of wild gratuitous conjecture for any statement of the kind. *There is recorded proof the other way.* The official returns drawn from verdicts of coroners' juries, and published in our newspapers last year, shocked not England only, but all civilised Europe, by the statement that, in the London district alone, one hundred and one deaths from sheer starvation had taken place in the year 1880! Supposing (what some persons allege without any knowledge) that in other countries such deaths are neither investigated nor recorded, the fact of the universal outcry raised in the European press by our sad record shows, at all events, a general conviction that such deaths are at least vastly rarer in foreign countries than they are here. And herein we find abundant proof that our vaunted system is not by any means a practical success, even so far as making death by hunger either impossible or less rare than in countries which do without our unprincipled Poor Law. And its manifest failure in practice extinguishes the one excuse that can be offered for its altogether vicious theory.

XVIII.—IS THE POOR LAW CHARITABLE IN THE CHRISTIAN SENSE?

A great many easy-going people would at once take the affirmative side of this question. They

would say, in view of our Poor Law system, something like this: "That which, as Christians, we admit to be an individual duty, namely, to benefit and help the poor, has, by the wisdom and benevolence of England, been saved from the risk of failure in the hands of unskilled or injudicious individuals, and raised into a national exercise of Christian charity so simple, kind, and comprehensive that, no matter what amount of distress may come upon the poorest of our people, no one need ever perish in this happy land for want of clothing, or of shelter, or of food. We have lifted the care of the poor from the sphere of individual conscience to that of national compulsion, and, going further still in our good work, have shifted the burden borne so long by the Good Samaritan alone on to the unwilling shoulders of the selfish passers-by. For every one who, by any cause whatever, is brought to destitution, we make a national provision which that state of destitution gives him a right to claim."

This is the common conception of our national treatment of the poor, as being Christian charity, entertained by people who have never given an hour's serious thought to the subject.

Its error is patent from the fact that not one single penny of our eight millions a year, contributed for poor rate, is ever *given* in the name of Christ for charity, but is *taken* from all, the thrifty poor men as well as rich men, by the direct demand of the tax-collector, under the strong compulsion of the law, and is levied from "Jews, Turks, and infidels," as well as from Christians. No one ever hears or has heard of a ratepayer complaining that the demand made upon him for Christian charity in the way of poor rate was too small, and volunteering to pay a much larger sum to satisfy his own sense of charitable duty. There are many, thank God, who are nobly generous in the amount of their almsgiving, but by universal consent they keep this Christian work carefully and totally distinct from the communistic levy of poor rate. Charity, to be Christian at all, must be spontaneous, must be given, and given with pleasure; poor rate, on the contrary, is involuntary, never given, but taken, never handed over with pleasure; in every measurable sense it differs from, instead of coinciding with, true Christian charity. And so far from being, or being like, Christian charity, which is good and holy in itself, our Poor Law system is absolutely wrong in principle, practice, and policy; a strong enough assertion, no doubt, but one which I shall proceed to prove.

XIX.—OUR POOR LAW SYSTEM WRONG IN PRINCIPLE.

Our national treatment of national poverty, as compelling all thrifty men to support all wasteful men, is wrong in principle, for it is contrary to the laws of nature, of revelation, and of reason.

It opposes the law of nature, which teaches us that every living thing which God has made, when it reaches maturity, has to provide its own subsistence, and that any species in which, as a general rule, that law ceases to operate, must, in

the course of nature, die out, become extinguished, and vanish from the face of the earth.

Our Poor Law system is contrary to the law of revelation, to the word of God in which we trust, so long as that word tells us that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat," and that "if a man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house (a thing impossible unless he provide for himself), he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

And our Poor Law system is contrary to the law of reason, a point to be proved in many ways, but which I need only treat in one. It gives to every man, if destitute, a claim to be supported by his fellow-men, without considering that, if every man chose (as so many do) to qualify himself for preferring such a claim, all would be destitute, there would be none to support them, and all would starve.

XX.—OUR POOR LAW SYSTEM IS WRONG IN PRACTICE.

This would seem to follow naturally from the fact of its wrong principle, but I will endeavour to establish the statement by direct proof instead of by inference, for it inflicts a daily, distinct injustice upon every class with which it comes in contact. It hurts the ratepayer; it injures the rate-receiver; it corrupts the moral sense of the nation. These are three points which are within reach of easy proof.

The injury to the ratepayer lies in this: that our system compels the independent-minded, industrious citizen, who makes his own proper provision—very often by stern and lifelong self-denial—to support the bad, the wasteful, and the self-indulgent citizen, who, trusting to future rate-relief, refuses all his life long to lay by a farthing, and dooms himself—and, it may be, a hapless wife and miserable family—to a life of degradation and despair. Of two men, living side by side, earning the same wages, and owning equal opportunities, it takes property from the one who does his duty to his country, his family, and himself, to hand it over to the man who fulfils no social duty and obeys no social law.

We have next to see how our Poor Law system hurts the rate-receiver as well as the ratepayer. Its very tender mercies are cruel; it cannot be otherwise. If pauper relief were given on a luxurious, or even on a plentiful scale, the claimants would multiply, while the contributors would diminish, and the burden would become impossible for the nation to bear. Therefore Poor Law provision must be kept down just to the lowest modicum of aid which can sustain existence. As a fact, there are many prisons where the dietary for persons undergoing punishment is more liberal and costly than in workhouses, whose guiltless inmates are wrongly supposed to be recipients of a national blessing. There are, besides, in and out of workhouses, multitudes of poor, and not unworthy folk—victims, no doubt, of our false State teaching—who do deserve Christian charity, and yet whose pauper aid must not be, cannot be made, one whit more generous than

that which is grudgingly given to the undeserving. The rules under which their pauperdom places them must be stern and strict, and the company they are compelled to keep—for it is impracticable to give them a choice in this—may be, and too often is, of the very lowest type and class. For to prevent the workhouse being made a comparative paradise to the bad, and thus putting a premium upon villainess, it must become, only too often, a pandemonium to the good, and thus place a penalty upon respectability. And for this and other reasons I hold few will disagree with me in saying that our Poor Law practice, as affects the pauper, is, and must be, however humanely administered, severe to the mass, and cruel to the best.

And I have said it corrupts the moral sense of the nation, for every time it gives relief to undeserving men, at the cost of all deserving men, it enforces a lesson of base dependence, and gives discouragement to honest thrift. In spite of one commandment of God, which says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," and another, which says, "Thou shalt not steal," it tells a man that if he choose to be wasteful he shall have a claim upon the savings of his thrifty neighbour, and be entitled to come, not as a suppliant, to entreat his charity, but as a claimant to draw from his store. It demoralises the man, firstly, by weakening his incentive to honest labour; secondly, by strengthening his love of sloth and self-indulgence; and, thirdly, by making and keeping him always too poor for self-respect, and often too poor for honesty.

XXI.—OUR POOR LAW SYSTEM WRONG IN POLICY.

It is plain that a policy is faulty which causes general discontent, and this can be shown to be the case with our Poor Law system. For, as the relief given by rates must be scanty—in fact, the scantiest possible—those who receive it cannot be satisfied.

However willing a person may have been in youth to trust theoretically to the workhouse as a very distant resource, which a thousand chances might hinder his ever needing, no pauper, when that workhouse has become his only resource, and he is driven into it as his last earthly refuge, can feel really satisfied with such a close to his existence. It secures a bare living, indeed, such as it is, but only when all worth living for is gone. As its distant promise in the beginning took away all energy from the youth, so its wretched possession in the end takes away all hope from the grey-beard, and gives at last only a miserable close to an unprofitable life. We cannot reasonably expect the pauper to be contented.

Nor if the pauper, though treated very often better than his deserts, be necessarily discontented, can we expect the ratepayer—especially the poor ratepayer, whose savings are burdened and whose wages are lowered to supply rates for the wasteful—to be contented, for he knows and feels every day that he is being treated by the nation worse than his deserts. The policy must

be wrong policy which produces general discontent.

And, once more, the policy is wrong in creating by law an exceptional pauper class which has no proper place at all among other civilised nations. And this our law does: it makes paupers, encourages waste, creates misery; it leads poor, inexperienced youths to cultivate destitution by unrestrained recklessness, in order to keep themselves at any moment qualified for claiming aid from other men.

There is no reason why they should not be provided against sickness and infirmity by their own exertions; and they would be, as they are in other countries, did not our law practically tell them that such provision is not necessary for them to make. And then these unhappy wasters, truly more sinned against than sinning, who are made paupers all their lives in spirit, living, as they do, from hand to mouth, always, so to speak, with the workhouse within sight and the relieving officer within call, misname themselves "the poor," usurping and soiling the title of the honest, thrifty poor, whose poverty very often, if men knew but all, might prove a very blazon of honour.

It may, however, be asked, what harm that does. The answer is plain: by calling themselves "poor," instead of "paupers," they work on the sympathy of the good poor men whom they plunder, leading these to confound themselves, their position, and their best interests with those of the very class which shames them and burdens them, and keeps them always down.

The policy must be wrong of a law which thus effects a continual disturbance of our social peace, dividing, as it does, the whole class of the thrifty, the independent, the duty-doing, the provident, into two hostile camps, when, in real truth, whether richer or poorer, these all should be one in spirit, in purpose, and in action, as they are one in character and in interests.

XXII.—MISCONCEPTIONS AS TO CAUSES OF OUR NATIONAL SINS OF WASTE, WANT, AND DRINK.

Though in the preceding sections I may have seemed to some of my readers to assail our Poor Law with somewhat unreasonable force, and to show but little respect for a measure which has the prescription of three hundred years in its favour, it is important to bear in mind that all who study and think upon this matter have the same opinions to express, though they may not be ready to agree with me in advocating measures calculated to remedy the theoretical and practical evils occasioned by our faulty system. It is not at all, be it remembered, a question whether this man or that man *speak* more or less strongly in the matter, if all thoughtful ones *feel* alike; nor is it worth while disputing about the terms we use, if the facts to which we apply the terms are true beyond cavil, and the admitted badness of the system be really beyond description in the strongest terms employed.

And, to show that this is really so, I ask my

readers to judge the nature of this social upstree by the sort of fruit it bears.

In this country of ours, which has an exceptional national Poor Law, we have three exceptional national sins besides, which dishonour the English name over the whole civilised earth; these national sins are English improvidence, English pauperism, and English drunkenness.

It would be strange enough if these exceptional disgraces were among us by mere coincidence and chance. And in that case we would have three fearful social puzzles to explain instead of one. Indeed some people regard them as unconnected evils, and seek in vain for separate reasons of their being. Others again, according to their bias, always lay the charge of one of these sins upon the other. Thus the total abstainer cries that the pauperism is caused by the drink; the savings' bank promoter says the drunkenness is caused by the improvidence; the charity organiser says the improvidence is due to the pauperism. This is like accounting for the turning of a wind-mill by saying that each sail drives on the others, instead of seeing that it is one wind which drives them all.

XXIII.—THESE SINS NOT NATIONAL IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In other lands there are, of course, some beggars, some spendthrifts, some drunkards, but these terms represent individuals only, while with us they represent classes. Organised voluntary charity to keep the destitute alive costs, in some other countries, from three to eight shillings a year for each recipient; in England, besides the enormous sums given in private charity, each pauper costs more than ten pounds, and yet we have certainly no smaller, probably a far larger, percentage of deaths by starvation than other countries.

And in other countries, the duty of providing for the future not being avowedly undertaken by the State for all who choose to demand it, is done as God and nature and common-sense combine to teach, by the vast mass of men, each for himself, without either State aid or starvation.

And in other nations the drunkenness, however great, of individuals, has never been such as to make their name an universal proverb, or so senseless and extravagant as to absorb for its indulgence, as it does with us, the monstrous proportion of nearly a sixth part* of all the yearly means of life which God vouchsafes to man.

XXIV.—THE POOR LAW RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE THREE GREAT HINDRANCES TO THRIFT, SO FAR AS THEY ARE NATIONAL.

It has been asked countless times, with regard to these three great shames, why (apart from individual instances) these should each and all be national in England and non-existent elsewhere.

We may search, try, and examine as earnestly

* Our entire annual income, by three independent calculations, was estimated three or four years ago at 1,000 millions; the drink bill at 150 millions, 15 per cent., or three shillings in the pound, or 1/3 of a penny (nearly twopenny) in every shilling.

as we may, and this should be the duty of every good Christian and every good citizen, in order, by finding the true cause, to learn the right remedy for these prevailing national miseries, but no answer yet given to our question fits all the plain facts of the case. And yet there is an answer. One master-key there is which, if carefully applied, can unlock all the wards of this terrible perplexity. The source of these appalling national shames of ours is to be found in the fact that they have followed the establishment of our Poor Law system, not merely in the historic succession of time, but in the logical dependence of consequence or cause.

For a law which taught men in their early life (the period when secure self-provision is easiest) that they should always have a right to be supported by other men, and that starvation should be impossible for them, took away the natural incentive to prudence, and deadened the divine instinct of self-preservation; and so a vast mass of our people have been made *improvident*.

Again, the use of right conferred by such a law—right only claimable, but readily claimed, by those who, under its sanction, have learned to neglect natural duty—is pauperism, and so a vast mass of our people has become *pauperised*.

And, thirdly, the apparent wisdom of keeping themselves qualified for pauper relief by being destitute taught the young that self-indulgence was an advantage, and self-denial a mistake; that it was better policy to spend money, and be helped by the parish in need, than to save money and get nothing from the rates. And the carrying out of this wrong policy—for which the law, and not the lads, was to blame—led them to spend all their earnings in the swiftest way, and the worst—in drink—establishing thereby in early life that raging, ineradicable, passionate thirst for strong liquor which all the lifetime devoted to it is unable to satisfy. And so we have been made, in the face of the universe, a *nation of drunkards*.

XXV.—THE ENGLISH POOR LAW THE GREATEST HINDRANCE TO ENGLISH THRIFT AND PROVIDENCE.

It is not to be expected that readers of this long arraignment should agree at once in all it says against our unfortunate and demoralising Poor Law. But it may be confidently asserted that the longer they really study the subject the less inclined they will be to differ from the conclusions I have been bold to draw upon the matter. They may be summarised in the following sentences, with which some of my readers are doubtless familiar, as occurring in a leaflet issued by the National Providence League, Lancaster House, Savoy:

“Our present system of compulsory providence, which compels all the thrifty (poor as well as rich) to provide for all the wasteful, throws an annual sum exceeding ten millions as a charge on our wage fund and a burden on our industry, and really creates a mass of human misery represented not merely by the million paupers actually supported by rates, but by millions more, now young

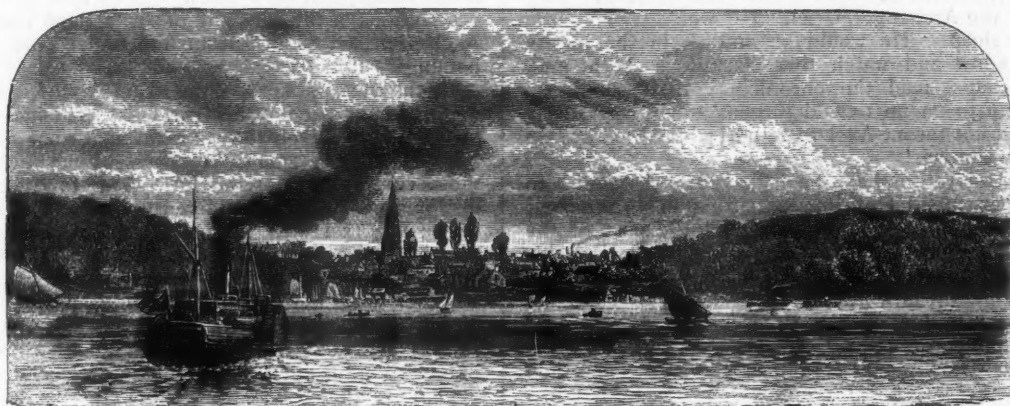
and strong, who entertain no other prospect of existence than pauperism in sickness and old age.

“Notwithstanding its exceptional Poor Law system, England shows a greater percentage of deaths by starvation than any other civilised nation.

“The Poor Law system teaches the young that they need not provide for themselves (hence they lose the period for doing so, a period that never returns), and makes them spendthrift and miserable all their lives. It burdens industry, it keeps down wages, it plunders the thrifty, it ruins the wasteful, it demoralises the young, and all but starves the old.”

Until these allegations be disproved (and there seems, in the present condition of awakened thought upon the subject, no conceivable likelihood of their disproof), it will be hard indeed for any one to deny, that of all the many hindrances to English thrift and providence we have been considering, the English Poor Law is the worst and the deepest rooted; a conviction which may naturally induce us, as we next proceed to inquire into the Hopes of English Thrift, to give a special attention to any means proposed of preventing the perpetuation of evils wrought by a law which, bad though it be, we see no immediate possibility of abrogating.

A Battle for Precedency.—The claims of the ambassadors of rival nations for precedence have led to strange incidents in former times. The greatest rivalry used to be between France and Spain, when the latter kingdom was in its highest power. Sir Bernard Burke narrates a memorable incident which occurred in 1661, when an ambassador from Sweden was to arrive at the English Court. The etiquette at such a State reception was that the carriages of the other ambassadors should be placed according to their national precedence. The French ambassador, the Marquis d'Estrade, resolved on being next the Swede, and so did the Baron de Batteville, the Spanish ambassador. King Charles II issued a proclamation, prohibiting any Englishman from interfering, and forbidding the use of firearms. The ambassadors were left to fight it out. On the appointed day vast crowds assembled on Tower Hill to witness the combat. The ambassadorial carriage of Spain, protected by fifty men armed with drawn swords, arrived at the landing-place five hours before the Swedish ambassador was expected, thus gaining an advantage over their opponents. The French were a little later, but they had a stronger guard—no less than a hundred soldiers on foot and fifty on horseback—armed, in defiance of the king's order, with pistols and carbines. The moment the Swedish ambassador landed a desperate struggle ensued. The Spaniards formed across the road. The French fired a volley, and charged their opponents sword in hand, but the Spaniards repulsed them. The coachman of the French carriage was killed, whereupon the Spanish carriage drove off next to the Swede, and the battle for precedence was so far lost and won. A vain attempt of the French, of whom an outlying detachment was posted on Tower Hill, to cut the traces of the Spanish carriage, was frustrated by their finding that the traces were of iron. Pepys, “in all things curious,” hastened to the French embassy, to judge how the French bore their defeat. He found them quite chafallen. They all, in his words, “looked like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads.” But the matter was not allowed to rest here. Louis XIV declared that he would wage war upon Spain if his precedence were not admitted in every Court of Europe, and after much diplomacy, gained the point by causing the King of Spain to issue orders to all his ambassadors to abstain from any kind of rivalry with the ambassadors of France.



STOCKHOLM FROM THE MALAR LAKE.

AXEL SÖDERMAN.

BY MARY A. M. HOPFUS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE northern midsummer evening was still light enough for him to have read the yellow-leaved chronicle which he was beginning on the day that he first saw Ebba Larsson. But Old Jörgens was in the library, putting up a book or two, and arranging things which only he would have seen were not already in perfect order; and, seeing him, Axel made no pretence of reading, but went and leaned by one of the windows, and watched the broad glow of sunset which would not fade all night, but would brighten by-and-by into the broader splendour of to-morrow's dawn. He had stood here a little while when Old Jörgens, gliding like a shadow down the room, came noiselessly and laid his hand on Axel's shoulder.

"Sunset and sunrise are one at this time of the year," said Axel, when he could no longer bear the steady gaze of Old Jörgens' eyes.

"Sunset and sunrise! sunset and sunrise!" said Old Jörgens. "Yes, they are one at my time of year."

He said this over two or three times in a sort of whisper; but he never took his hand from Axel's shoulder, or his eyes from Axel's face.

"Sunset and sunrise," he said again. "But what do you know of that? I told you to forget, and you have been learning to remember. You must never remember—till the sunrise. We may all remember in the sunrise, even I!"

"I am a little homesick to-night, Mr. Jörgens, that is all," said Axel, after a long pause.

"It all comes of remembering. You should forget, as I do. You must not go there again; if you do, you will learn to remember. Oh, I know! I know!"

He spoke in a slow and mournful cadence, nodding his head, and saying over and over again, "I know! oh, I know!"

"I hope you will go early to rest, Mr. Jörgens,"

said Axel, as he bade Old Jörgens good night. "I do not like to leave you here alone, you look weary. May I see you to your own room?"

"No; we will say good night here," replied Old Jörgens, more quickly and decisively than usual; "because, you see, my dear young friend, the sunset and the sunrise are both here. But you shall come to me in the morning—promise that you will come. Come to me in the sunrise, and I will give you my necklace to help you to forget."

Axel promised. "Good night, Mr. Jörgens, since you will not allow me to stay. Good night, dear sir; it will soon be sunrise."

"Good night. It will soon be sunrise," repeated Old Jörgens.

Axel paused at the door, unwilling to leave him there alone. But Old Jörgens waved his hands in farewell, and said, "Till sunrise, till sunrise!"

"See that Mr. Jörgens goes to bed," said Axel to the doorkeeper as he went out. "He seems restless—do not let him wander about all night."

"He's often restless," replied the man, surlily. "I've got enough to do to keep the door all day, without looking after Mr. Jörgens all night too."

"I am coming in very early in the morning; will you give me the key, and then I need not disturb you?"

"It's against rules, but I suppose I may do it for once," said the man, in a mollified tone. "A doorkeeper leads a dog of a life, up and down every minute. Don't say you had the key."

* * * * *

Axel was almost as restless that night as Old Jörgens. He could not sleep for more than, as it seemed, a minute at a time, and he awoke with a start, and a sense of having overslept himself. Close as sunrise trod on the heels of sunset, Axel had worked himself into a fever by the time the

dawn began to transfigure the light fleecy clouds in the north into what seemed the incardined wing of the Archangel Uriel. He would try no more to sleep. He would go and sit in the library window and watch this marvellous dawn, and, perhaps, read the chronicle until it should be time to go up to Old Jörgens' room, who surely had not meant Axel to come to him literally "in the sunrise."

And yet, perhaps he had; for Axel, coming in softly, found Old Jörgens sitting in an armchair opposite an open window, with the glow of the dawn upon his face, which was sunk upon his breast in a sleep that had surely brought him happy dreams, for he smiled. The carnelian necklace lay on the floor beside him. Axel stumbled over it.

"Mr. Jörgens!" said Axel, gently; and then he saw that Old Jörgens was not there, but had gone away to the land where sunset and sunrise are one, and where the inhabitants have no need to forget.

CHAPTER V.

IF Old Jörgens had been the most distinguished professor at the university, he could hardly have had a greater following than blackened the dusty road and thronged the churchyard on the day when his mortal part was laid in earth. They laid him in the churchyard of Old Upsala, beside a half-forgotten grave where his wife and her babes had been laid almost fifty years before. Axel was one of the mourners; the others were grey-headed professors to whom Old Jörgens was as familiar as their own lecture-rooms, but not one of whom remembered Old Jörgens when he was Young Jörgens, and had not drunk of Lethe. Old Jörgens had left an odd sort of last will and testament, in which he bequeathed his little possessions (little enough!) to Axel Söderman; and this, and Axel's known friendship with the sub-librarian, had made the professors request him to take his place with them.

Ebba was there. Axel saw her at the grave, and fancied that the necklace (which he had carried about with him ever since he picked it up on the library floor) gave a leap; but it was, perhaps, only his own heart which leapt. Ebba had brought flowers, and Axel contrived to lay his own chaplet of immortelles next her fresh garden-lilies. When the service was over, Axel walked home with Ebba and the professor, who soon diverged from Old Jörgens to the Collection.

Axel did not go home that summer. He was so fortunate as to obtain an engagement as tutor in the family of the chief inspector of mines at Falun. There Axel found, to his great astonishment, that he was considered a marvellously precocious scholar. The good pastor of Lilleköping had indeed taught his son well; but I am not quite sure that Professor Larsson's warm eulogies of Axel (which had procured him the tutorship) were wholly unbiased. Axel could appreciate the Collection; he had thrice begged the professor to display it and descant upon it for his benefit. Fortunately the professor did not suspect how

much of Axel's interest in his mosses was purely disinterested, and how much was excited by the descriptions of the Alps and of Switzerland which Axel contrived to draw from him under cover of botanical curiosity.

By the time the next summer came round, Axel was the first student of his year, and was looked on by every one as likely to be a great man some day. When I say "every one," of course I mean only those comparatively few whose finer touch can distinguish between the different textures of men's souls; for Axel was still quiet and retiring, and held his deepest thoughts locked up in his heart.

The senior student, who had been to Dalarne, and even as far as Copenhagen, since we last heard of him, reappeared a little before the close of the session. Axel felt that there was not much satisfaction in being the chief man of one's year, when, one Sunday evening, as he was walking in the Botanical garden with the professor and Ebba, the senior student came up and joined them, and even contrived to draw Ebba aside while the professor was explaining his last new classification of the *Gymnostoma*. The senior student was now tutor in a noble family, and had a flourishing appearance, which greatly depressed Axel, although he, too, had had a new coat at Christmas, and until the senior student appeared had felt himself sufficiently well dressed. Axel had grown so much that the senior student was now the shorter by half a head at least; but Axel would at the moment have cheerfully exchanged those inches for the elegant ease with which the senior student stood still, never seeming to find his arms and legs troublesome and ridiculous encumbrances.

Axel did not recover the very moderate degree of self-satisfaction which he usually enjoyed until the senior student looked in upon him one evening, as he said, to take leave.

"I am returning to the count," observed the senior student, indifferently. "I should have liked to stay until the prize-day, but one must keep one's promise. I have just been to bid the dear old professor farewell. The Fröken is not a bad-looking girl, but she wants mind. A superior man would find her unable to appreciate him. Not very regular features, either; but the mind is the chief thing after all. Whatever you do, my dear fellow, marry a woman who can appreciate you."

"Thank you," said Axel, and then turned very red, feeling that he had said the wrong thing; but the senior student was talking about the count and the count's daughters, and did not observe it.

Axel thought a good deal about these remarks of the senior student. He was to go home this summer, but before he went he, too, paid a visit to the professor, which ended in his giving Ebba Old Jörgens' necklace—not, I am sure, as a pledge of forgetfulness.

* * * *

Several summers and winters had come and gone, when one fine day there was a wedding in the church at Old Upsala. Pastor Söderman was there, come to marry his son to Ebba Larsson; and the dear little mother, sobbing for very joy, and the professor, blinking benevolently through his spectacles in a tender-hearted and bewildered manner,

very affecting to behold. Axel had preached his first sermon long ago, and had a parish far up in Dalarne, not a great way from Falun, and which the good inspector of mines had had a share in getting him. The peasants already loved the serious young pastor with the dreamy eyes, whose simple, tender sermons went straight to their simple hearts.

As Axel and Ebba came out of the church the new-made bride asked her husband to turn aside, that they might pass Old Jörgens' grave. Ebba wore the carmelian necklace, and as they passed on she touched it, and said,

"I wore it to-day in token that we are to be as faithful as he was."

Axel took his wife away to his wild parish in "the dales." But he was not always a humble country pastor. The strange thoughts which had so troubled him, and which he could not understand, took shape at last in a noble poem, which scholars read and praised, and which peasant-fathers repeated to their children as they sat around the stove on winter-nights, and heard the pine-forests groan in the north wind. It was so

noble and so beautiful that it was translated into other languages, and read and loved by other nations. Even beyond the great western ocean children learned his poems by heart, and did not find them hard.

The good pastor of Lilleköping lived to hear his son preach before the king in the Nikolai Church. As the venerable father came down the aisle, leaning on his son's arm, some of the people asked for his blessing. So, it was said, did the king, who graciously desired to see the father of his favourite preacher.

In due time Axel became a bishop, but honours did not change him. He was as simple when he was the king's trusted friend as he had been when he sat in the library-window wondering what his own thoughts meant. He knew that he was much beloved, but I do not think it ever occurred to him that he was admired. And so all his words, whether spoken or written, were full of a deep and simple wisdom which made them as cold waters to the thirsty souls of world-worn men; and the very name of the poet-bishop became as a blessing.

THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VII.—THE VARIETIES OF LAUGHTER.

ONE of the mighty Kings of Laughter was Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras."

He was the great satirist of the Puritans, for which party he seems to have entertained a right hearty dislike. He published his great poem in parts after the Restoration, but an interval of fifteen years elapsed between the publication of the first and the third. When the first part was published the king, Charles II, was so enchanted that he perpetually carried it about with him in his pocket, and constantly enlivened his conversation by choice extracts from the overflowing wit of its pages. But as the years went on—the dreadful years during which society in England was depraved and demoralised beyond any previous or subsequent period of our history, and a manifold licentiousness abounded, surpassing all precedent and parallel—old Butler must sometimes have thought that the whip of satire might have been employed to flagellate other than Puritan backs; and it is probable, had he lived longer, he might thus have employed his pen, for he really seems to have been a very honest man. He appears to have been a singularly crabbed and crusty one, and his verse and his wit are knotty and gnarled. It is singular that he was fifty years of age before he was heard of by any of his contemporaries. He was the son of a well-to-do farmer in Worcestershire; he was never dandled in the lap of the muses; the largest part of his life seems to have

been passed as a shrewd, industrious man of business, domesticated a long time in the service of the Earl and Countess of Kent, at Wrest, in Bedfordshire. During those years he must have been a very keen observer and a most extensive reader, with no ambition, probably despising the opinions of men too much to care about such vanities as fame or notoriety. His first efforts in verse were a sad kind of doggerel; but when, in the Christmas week of 1662-3, he published anonymously the first part of "Hudibras," its success was instantaneous. It ran through the town and through the country with amazing rapidity, and from the king and the courtiers, and among all the wits of the coffee and chocolate houses of London, it had an immense career—it seemed as if the laureate of the Restoration had risen. Yet Butler, anti-Puritan as he was, and disposed to loyalty in Church and State as the best idea he could form of what was good for the well-being of society, was no vicious man; he had been brought up and passed his life in good, austere English ways; and if his humour ran riot, and his satire became very bitter at what he deemed the fanaticisms of Puritanism, we have certain evidence of the contempt and disgust he felt for the courtly abominations which had succeeded; and in his third part he certainly gives intimation of a disposition to lash the vices which he beheld around him. He appears to have been a man of grave, correct, and even

morose character. It has been well said, that as Milton was the *transcendental* man of his time, the noblest literary representative of that class of opinion which Butler derided, so Butler is the chief man of the opposite pole—he was the *descendental* man; his philosophy of human nature was of the very lowest school; the maxim which he most incessantly reiterates is, that interest alone governs the world, and that those who believe other than this, or act upon any other supposition, are fools. He disbelieved in anything high or divine in human nature; Puritanism he regarded as a temporary outbreak of madness, carrying hypocrisy along with it. How curious it is to contrast together Cromwell's and Butler's estimates of history. "What," says Cromwell, "are all histories and records of actions in former times but a revelation of God that He hath destroyed, and tumbled down, and trampled under foot whatever He hath not planted?" That may be called the transcendental and Puritan view of history; Butler, on the other hand, says:

"What else does history ever tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebell'ous?"

We shall be bold to say that we enjoy Butler's prose more than his poetry; there is not much of it, but it is rich in humour, and there are fewer of those savage nodosities with which his verse abounds. Here are a few of his happier sayings: "The proud man is a fool in fermentation;" "A literary plagiarist is like an Italian thief—he never robs but he murders to prevent discovery;" "One that is proud of his birth is like a turnip—there is nothing good of him but that which is under the ground;" "A popish priest takes the same course that the devil did in Paradise—he begins with the women;" "An amateur in science is like an elephant, that though he cannot swim, of all creatures most delights to walk by the riverside;" "Most men know less than they might by attempting to know more than they can." Hard, bare, ruthless sense is the characteristic of Butler everywhere; his wit, always cynical, is set forth sometimes, nay, often, in the most extravagantly odd images and associations; and this is the enjoyment of "Hudibras"—the story itself is nothing. Such a story as there is, it is a poor and thin outline of "Don Quixote;" the verse is doggerel, but the wit is in the last degree trenchant.

The following description of the religion of Sir Hudibras is a fair illustration of the whole style and manner of the poem, and we quote it because it contains so many couplets which are in constant use among us:

"For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;

And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if religion were intended
For nothing else than to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that and this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holy day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose."

The cynic appears in the following:

"A teacher's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concerned in use
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes."

The reader will notice and know that Butler lugged his rhymes along, and their happiness is often more in their oddity than in their euphony:

"Can this be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse."

When all is said, this odd book is a rich book, not many richer. It is full of epigrammatic strokes, which sometimes hit like clubs, while there are passages, and many of them, which show a true and tender heart. We should not expect to find the following in "Hudibras":

"Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love."

It is probable that Butler, like Cervantes and other great humorists, was never a very happy man, probably never really happy at all. His later years appear to have passed in great poverty. Charles, indeed, granted him a pension of a hundred pounds a year, but then we do not know that it was paid. Certainly many such pensions were not paid, and certainly Butler was not a spendthrift. He received considerable kindness in his necessities from a Mr. Longueville. He

died at the age of sixty-eight, in Rose Street, Covent Garden, where he had for some time lived; some of his friends were desirous that he should rest in Westminster Abbey, but he was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. In 1721, John Barber, Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument to the memory of the satirist in Westminster Abbey. The tomb bears a most characteristic epitaph in Latin. The good Lord Mayor must have possessed something of Butler's satiric power himself. Among other words the epitaph says: "As a writer he was the first and last in his peculiar style. John Barber, a citizen of London, by at length erecting this marble, took care that he who wanted almost everything when he was alive, might not also want a tomb when he was dead." Butler furnishes us with a very singular variety of laughter: it is rugged, unmusical, sardonic—in fact, the kind of laughter we have sometimes heard emitted in a sort of growl from a man who must say his funny thing, although writhing with rheumatics or gout.

The reply of Porson, who, to the remark that certain modern poets would be read and admired when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, made answer, "And not till then," might be cited as an instance of sarcasm, but the humour overflows the bitterness. When Boswell relinquished his lodgings, and no inducement would avail with the landlord to consent to his departure, as they had been taken for a term of years, Johnson suggested that he should "say he wished to make some experiment in natural philosophy, and burn a large quantity of assafoetida in the house." This is an instance of humour. No doubt we feel better what humour is than we can describe it, though, even in a mere etymological sense, the word is not incomplete or inexpressive. Does it not imply the incessant play of lively and natural feeling, which finds natural resemblances everywhere, which continues for the longest period of time unruffled and undisturbed, which extends its sympathy to all being, and finds an answering lesson of instruction everywhere and in everything? Is it not that homeliness of heart which never so much sighs for companionship because always in company; which is too great for contempt and for sneering, and too humble for ostentation or pride, and which enters by intuition into the feelings of many minds, and by its own intensity understands theirs? Is it not large liberality of soul which "beareth all things, believeth all things," as far removed from the frown of bigotry as from the callousness of indifference? And therefore it may again be repeated, that there is no foe more terrible than good-humour. What can you do with a healthy-hearted, healthy-headed being, moving on his way in downright earnest when you let him alone, but with whom, if you venture a moment to interfere, you find he has not only the spirit of truth, but the fearful spirit of humour too; who will, in a moment, impale you on a sharp and unexpected retort, hang up your argument quivering on the point of a joke, or even hold up your dear error as a very scarecrow for even yourself to laugh at? Humour is Nature

oozing out of a man—independent from restraint; a sense of freedom, a sense of sympathy and fellowship. We can refer to a passage from no other a work than Dr. Chalmers's "Posthumous Discourses," which conveys much that we would imply.

"There is," says he, "a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture and gracefulness in every posture, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse, the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it, the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint."

And this natural ease, this grace and elegance of manner, translated into conversation or discourse, into the poem or the pulpit, when it may take place in a most happily instructive temper—this unreserved openness of soul, this beautiful entireness and simplicity of tongue, pen, or life is humour.

This is the spirit of old English literature—humour is interlaced in the style of most of our old English writers, like threads of gold. By it, in a sentence they described—in a sentence they confuted; quaint and axiomatic, they showed at once the richness of their minds, and the depth of their experience, and the condensed grandeur of their style. To go up to times beyond our essayists—are our readers acquainted with a book too seldom read or referred to, the "Microcosmography" of good old Bishop Earle? Although very small, "'tis full as an egg"—full of that downright thinking and talking which humour likes: "A she-hypocrite is one that thinks she performs all her duties to God in hearing, and shows the fruits of it in talking;" "An idle gallant is one that was born and shaped for his clothes; and if Adam had not fallen, had lived to no purpose." And to the life is the portrait of the Formalist sketched: "The chief burden of whose brain is the carriage of his body, and the setting of his face in a good frame, which he performs the better because he is not disjointed with other meditations. . . . He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself when it comes to his turn." The humorist convinces you how much he loves his own meditations. The wit must be ever caustic; he has but few gentle pantings or emotions, but the humorist overflows with these. How sweet is that closing touch of Earle's picture of the good old man: "He goes away at last—too soon whensoever—with all men's sorrows but his own; and his memory is fresh

when it is twice as old." And in the same spirit is the picture of a child: "A man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and 'tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. We laugh at his foolish parts, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblem and mocking of men's business. The elder he grows he is a stair lower from God, and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches." Thus humour dilates over a subject with alternate tears and smiles; its eye is not wanting in a certain roguish twinkle—nay, it sometimes winks at an absurdity, but laughs on. "I understand you," it says, as if it put the sentence in words; but everywhere its geniality and healthfulness makes the delightful instructor and companion.

Those dear old English writers, preachers, essayists, historians—Jeremy Collier, Owen Feltham, South, Cowley, Fuller—thus they spoke. How pleasant it would be to sit down and note all the racy passages of these ancient men! True to the spirit of humour, they did not aim so much, in their writings, to express the opinion of other men as their own; they did not, in every page, hunt like the spaniel for praise, and, therefore, with a graceful bluntness; if the phrase is not too paradoxical, they uttered their sayings and went their way. Fuller is one of the most quaint and graphic writers of the old England of that day. His sentences lie short and sharp over his passages. Yet there is no ill-feeling, there. "his doctrine always distils as the dew." He is full of anecdote; garrulous, the old man will talk on, and as he sits and chats he holds you with a smile, and now with some unexpected pleasantry—and now by some bolder witticism; honest, cheerfulness characterises all he has to say to us. There were, questionless, dunces in England in that day, but it is certain that the literature of the time floats to us upon a perfect sea of humour. We have quoted a sentence from him already, and space forbids to cite many of the grains of his gold dust. It was he who first defined "policy to consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil." It was he who said, "Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree while others are in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

We do not remember to have met anywhere with a more comprehensive catalogue of the varieties of laughter than in an old American writer, Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, of the old town of Salem, nearly one hundred and fifty years since. We quote it because it is really a curiosity of literature:—

"Like merry Momus, while the gods were quaffing,
I come—to give an eulogy on laughing!
True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,
Asserts that laughing's vastly ungentle!
The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,
And robs each pretty feature of the graces!
But yet this paragon of perfect taste
On other topics was not over chaste;
He like the Pharisees in this appears,
They ruin'd widows, but they made long prayers.

Tithe, anise, mint, they zealously affected:
But the law's weightier matters lay neglected;
And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,
Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all!

Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute,
Man's risibles distinguish him from brute;
While instinct, reason, both in common own,
To laugh is man's prerogative alone!

Hail, rosy laughter! thou deserv'st the bays!
Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,
Whilst universal peals attest thy praise.
Daughter of Joy! thro' thee we health attain,
When Esculapian recipes are vain;
Let sentimentalists ring in our ears
The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears.
Heraclitus may whine—and oh! and ah!
I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah!
It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play;
Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;
Propels the dancing current thro' each vein;
Braces the nerves; corroborates the brain;
Shakes every muscle and throws off the spleen.
Old Homer makes you tenants of the skies,
His gods love laughing as they did their eyes!
It kept them in good-humour, hush'd their squabbles,
As forward children are appeas'd by baubles.
Ev'n Jove, the thund'rer, dearly lov'd a laugh,
When, of fine nectar, he had taken a quaff!
It helps digestion when the feast runs high,
And dissipates the fumes of pagent Burgundy.
But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
It is not every kind of laugh I love;
For many laughs even candour must condemn.
Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm;
The rough horse-laugh (improperly so styl'd),
The idiot simper, like the slumb'ring child,
Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,
The sneer contemptuous, and broad, vacant grin,
Are despicable all, as Stephen's smile,
To show his ivory legions, rank and file.
The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,
By nature prompted, and true wit inspir'd,
Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,
When humour set the table on a roar,
Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace!
The rest is all contortion and grimace.
But you exclaim, 'Your eulogy; too dry;
Leave dissertation and *exemplify*!
Prove by experiment your maxim's true;
And what you *praise* so highly make us *do*.'
In troth, I hop'd this was already done,
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won!
Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself
To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf!
But not a single soul his suffrage gave,
While each long phiz was serious as the grave!
'Laugh! laugh!' cries Hodge, 'laugh loud! (no *halfing*)
I thought you all, 'ere this, would die with laughing.'
This did the feat; for, tickled at the whim,
A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,
Shook all the audience—but it was at *him*!
Like Hodge, should ev'ry stratagem and will
Thro' my long story not excite a smile,
I'll bear it with becoming modesty;
But should my feeble efforts move your glee,
Laugh, if you *fairly* can—but not at *ME*!"

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF EXETER, MUSICIAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

III.

[The following journal is copied from *two* manuscripts, one Jackson's autobiography, and the other a small note-book which he carried in his pocket, and in which he constantly jotted down his observations. To this note-book he often refers, but it would have involved too much repetition to have copied them both fully. It is necessary to mention this to account for some abruptness in the style where the note-book is had recourse to.]

JOURNAL OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT IN 1785.

Set off from Exeter for London by way of Bath July 20th, 1785. In my garden the white lilies had blowed and were gone; the grapes were beginning to be transparent; the corn was nearly ripe, and in one or two fields the harvest was begun. At Taunton much the same; near Bath, and all the road to London, not so forward by a fortnight. Left London, July 30th, to Rochester; saw many sets of gipsies, hops, beans, and cherry-orchards. Crossed to Calais (31st); a fine passage.

Calais is fortified; a new gate building. Saw hoods and cloaks, slippers and mustachios. The grapes in Dessain's garden not advanced more than mine three weeks before, and the white lilies just beginning to open. The latitude at Calais and Exeter is much the same. The corn all through Picardy more backward than I had seen in England. Reaping begun at Abbeville. It is a large town and fine stables; vast hayricks for the dragoons. All through Picardy are extended plains of corn and hemp. The road everywhere broader than on Hounslow Heath, mostly planted with rows of trees, sometimes elms, sometimes apples, but not one tree in the whole country of any size. A fine avenue leads into Amiens. Came there in the evening by the coach, where was a fête, and great numbers of merry people, some well dressed. There is a fine market for flowers and fruit. The cathedral at Amiens deserves more attention than has been bestowed on it. It is without any sort of comparison the finest building I ever saw. The vastness of its size, the beauty of the workmanship, and its perfect preservation are wonderful. Pumps are unknown here; there are draw-wells everywhere. Between Clermont and Chantilly I saw a vineyard for the first time. Went through the forest of Chantilly, in which there is not a tree thirty years old, and for the most part they are miserably cut, the copse very low. The chateau at Chantilly like Lord Herbert's at Cherbourg, and was the only specimen of an old baron's castle I ever saw not ruined. The same evening I saw part of the garden of the chateau. It is a very great curiosity, as it is in the style of old French gardening. All the mass of building together is very magnificent.

The stables are prodigious—for 480 horses. At St. Denis a fine church with beautiful painted glass; the tombs (with a very few exceptions) finely preserved, some exceedingly ancient, Dagoberts, etc. As we Protestants do not deal in church lamps, that which I saw over the uninterred coffin of Louis xv at St. Denis affected me exceedingly. The *stillness* of the flame was the image of death, and its perpetual burning seemed the image of something *not dead*. I could not help exclaiming with Calista, "Here's room for meditation even to madness!" The black velvet pall trailing far on the polished pavement illustrated Hogarth's principle of the effect of quantity.*

Arrived at Paris the 3rd of August; and here let me remark that in the whole journey from Calais hither we neither overtook nor were overtaken by any travellers on horseback or in carriages. Even at the very entrance of Paris all was silence and desolation; that there were no roads (one excepted) running into each other as is usual in the approach of a great city. The villages very few in number, built, it is true, of stone, but mean and dirty in every respect. I will not disgrace the environs of London by any base comparisons, for I never saw a town in England but would be injured by comparing its approach with that of Paris. The road is much wider than ours, but ill-kept, planted generally with trees, which, if permitted to grow, would be pleasant and ornamental, but the great want of firing is a perpetual temptation to cutting off their branches, except they happen to be apple-trees, which is sometimes the case. Where the soil is loose or swampy, the road is paved, but in general not so. There is a picturesque assemblage of buildings at Creil, where you cross the river; all the rest of the way, to an artist, is a perfect blank.†

Scarcely had we taken possession of our apartments in the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe, but we were saluted by the greatest hailstorm, accompanied with thunder, I ever witnessed; as the windows reached to the floor and were open, the hailstones hopped about the room most plentifully. When I am in a town worth seeing I survey it with a plan in my hand; in this manner I went through every quarter, though not every individual street of Paris.

Upwards of a week was spent in this pilgrimage, and I believe few objects of any consequence escaped notice. As this qualified me to speak pretty decidedly, I can pronounce that the exterior of Paris (which was all I had yet seen) is inferior in all respects but one to our own capital. For

* A few years after all this became the "baseless fabric of a vision!"
—Note by W. J.

† Jackson travelled as an artist, not a politician, and it is curious to remark that though he observes with surprise the melancholy of the French people, he appears to have had no suspicion of the dark cloud that was hanging over France.

pavement, length, breadth, and straightness of the streets, fine shops, and handsome carriages, London has the advantage. In Paris the houses are higher (some eight, nine, and even ten storeys), built not of mud-coloured brick, but of white stone; in fact, it is precisely the same as that at Bath, and in Paris there is no *coal-smoke* to discolour it. The rooms have inlaid floors, never washed, but rubbed. The new building of the Palais Royal is very magnificent. The shops are despicable—those round the Palais Royal excepted. When I mentioned this circumstance in Paris I was informed it was not the custom to expose their goods, but to keep them in their magazines. The want of footways makes walking very tiresome and bad.

After the survey of the streets and outside of the buildings, the *inside* claimed attention. By this time I had remarked a striking difference between the inhabitants of the two capitals.

The gravity and frequent *melancholy* character so apparent in the Parisians contrasted with that interested, bustling, driving through the streets of London, so expressive of business and pleasure.

Surely this comparison must even intrude itself on our notice, although it directly contradicts what is usually said and believed on this subject. In the Luxembourg Gardens are the oldest trees I had yet seen in France, but these are miserably cut and defaced; it is certain they consider an old tree a bad object, and remove it! The English houses and gardens (as they are called) on the boulevards are very elegant and beautiful. A thousand *fiacres* are ordered from England; three hundred have arrived; they put the old *fiacres* out of countenance—but the old French folks are much offended.

Notre Dame is originally a fine Gothic church, but the effect within is destroyed by the pictures, which are large, hung slopingly and hide the arches.

The largest bells I ever saw were in the tower, one twenty-eight, the other thirty-six thousand (French) pounds, and yet there is but half a tone in their pitch.* The last bell is twenty-four feet in circumference (26 ft. English) and the clapper four feet round. Fourteen men are required to toll it. (N.B. Bells are only rung in England.) There are three bells in England which we think to be large. The Tom of Lincoln, that of Christ Church, Oxford, and the "Peter Bell" of Exeter Cathedral, the heaviest of which is little more than the third part of the largest in Notre Dame. The bell at Erfurt, in Germany, is said to be the largest in Europe (that at Moscow excepted); it is only 25,000 pounds.

At the church of St. Sulpice I first witnessed the beautiful appearance upon groups of statues by the effect of light without perceiving the cause. It is thus produced: a semicircular recess has a number of statues in it properly disposed to be in full or half light, or in shade. The light is transmitted through glass of a warm tint, and the window through which it passes is prevented

from being approached or seen. The effect realised what we imagine of magic.

The Théâtre Française is an instance of French taste and gratitude; it is situated in a centre approached by converging streets called after their great dramatists. I remember that two acts of comedy passed without producing a smile, or indeed any other effect than deep attention.

The Hôtel des Invalides is kept very clean and comfortable; the cross view through the corner dome of the church is magnificent. The area of the church was full of benches in rows; on them were many old grey-haired soldiers reading, a very interesting sight, and occasioned deep reflections. In many churches in France (in all considerable ones) there is a meridian line, which is not only useful, but has the creditable appearance of science being attended to. Indeed, without having a standard for reference, I do not see the possibility of adjusting the movement of clocks to the solar motion, at least by such means as are in the power of people in general. I never saw a meridian line in any church in England; the want of it in my present place of residence has occasioned a difference of twenty-six minutes of time in corresponding days of two following years.

In my walks it frequently came in my way to pass through markets for meat and other provisions. What Paris may have to produce I know not, but if I may judge by what I saw, the meat of every description is too bad to be exposed in the worst village market in England. No doubt persons of rank get their tables well supplied all the world over, but it did not appear that there was anything good to be procured by the middling class of persons. Fruit about the streets is very plenty. No fruit-shops as in London, and no fruit to be compared to the best in London, but the common standings are better than in London. Melons very plenty; good Orleans plums. Seine water is very drinkable, and the bread always good. The Palais Royal in the evening is very beautiful from the people walking, the lamps, etc. There is no place of the same sort in London.

Gobelins is a noble manufactory, but not so many looms as I expected. The workmanship is very perfect. Saw an allegorical piece of America! Noah's Ark painted for the tapestry is one of the best pictures I have seen in France.

Having associated all kinds of fearful ideas with the Bastille, while I was looking at it aloof a Swiss soldier offered to show us the garden and the arsenal. We were afraid to refuse; besides, it was something to say that "I had been in the Bastille." The garden was French, spacious, and clean; but what were my sensations on leaning on the window in the arsenal, where Henry IV and Sully used to converse upon State affairs! The arsenal window is frequently mentioned in Sully's memoirs. The Bastille is lower and more massy than I expected. There are arms for forty thousand men.

The Temple, a high, square tower, with round ones at the angles; the church like the Temple in London, but not so large. Although I am truly attached to our Protestant religion, yet I so thoroughly hate the seats in our churches, that if

* As these two bells at Paris were converted into current coin at the Revolution, I am willing to preserve their memory.—W. J.

I ever change my mode of worship it shall be for a religion where there are none! The difference between a marble pavement, in which you see the sides of the church reflected, and a floor encumbered by our vile carpentry, is too great for comparison. Suppose a church as grand and beautiful as skill could produce, let it be seated, and all its grandeur and beauty vanishes. These reflections naturally rose from seeing Roman Catholic churches clear, without anything to cover the pavement, and by the covering to intrude deformity on the eye.

Friday, August 12th.—Went to Versailles. The road thither, especially the first six miles, very pleasant by the side of the Seine. Many delightful villages like those near Bath. The grand court of the palace, made irregular by some modern buildings, but it never was a good design. At this time, from the shabbiness of the windows and the dirt, it looks more like a workhouse than a palace. I went through the apartments for business and those for State. In the former were portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe, and "Cook's Voyages." In a small library were many wooden books! The king, as usual, lives in a small room of about twenty-two feet by sixteen, tolerably furnished. In it were many Italian and English books, chiefly poetry—Tasso and Ariosto, Shakespeare and Pope. A grand piano-forte, painted green, and the mouldings gilded—very false taste; there should never be paint about an instrument. The theatre in the palace is by far the most magnificent I ever saw; the space between the lower and upper boxes, being doubled and supported by Corinthian pillars, is wonderful. All the inside is gilt, but as the glare is gone, the effect is beyond idea rich. By my paces, the stage is 46 feet broad—double the breadth of the London theatres. As the scenes rise and fall, the depth and height for the machinery is 120 French feet. The façade to the gardens is prodigious! the garden, to an Englishman, horrid. While we were there they were clipping the orange-trees—eight hundred very old orange-trees, which are clasped round, one of which, they said, is four hundred and fifty years old, undoubtedly a falsity. Saw the Dauphin's house and orangery. I saw the Dauphin in a tent, with his governess. The King's Chapel is a noble building. I saw the king at mass; there was a very fine band, and the mass a good composition.

I saw the king return from chapel, and was very near him. He is like Lord Shelburn, a strong, thick-set man about five feet eight. The king's stables are prodigious, not near so fine a building as those at Chantilly, but five times the number of horses, the queen's ditto. The horses are very well kept, but eat straw instead of hay. I saw the king set out *à la chasse*; red and blue guards, between which he went in his coach and eight. One horse was so unruly that he quite discomposed the ranks of the soldiers; very few attendants on horseback.

The Trianon was all in a rummage. There is a fine open arcade of marble; it seems much neglected and despised. At Marli the water-engine is a stupendous work; the water is forced up a hill five hundred feet high, all for supplying the foun-

tains of Versailles! I endeavoured to give the person who showed the machine an idea of a steam-engine, and what a vast expense would be saved by substituting one in the place of the present works. Visited Bellevue, the garden-house belonging to Madame Barré, the most elegant designed and furnished villa I ever saw. It commands a delightful prospect of the Seine, the rising hills of this side and the flat of the river, a great number of towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, etc., etc., all of stone; the slopes of the hills very picturesque, and altogether it is a delicious spot. Saw scarce any carriages going to or coming from Versailles. The old style of French carriage is nearly extinct. I have not seen three of the old magnificent model, with gilding, etc., they are all English or imitations. Nowhere so many carriages or so much bustle as in London, the Pont Neuf excepted, where there is always a great throng of people. At the Academy of Painting were many fine pictures and statues of a succession of artists from its first foundation. There was the best picture of Watteau he ever painted; all the rest were chosen pictures.

August 15th.—Being informed by the Paris Almanac that there would be (Fête de l'Assomption) mass by the Archbishop of Paris at Notre Dame and fine music, and having as yet heard no church music, except in the King's Chapel at Versailles, it became my business to be present. There was a great appearance of ecclesiastics, their old chanting as usual execrable; mass performed by the choir, accompanied by two or three violoncellos and two bassoons, and no other instruments. Some of the pieces not bad, but horrid forcing of the voice. A small organ played at intervals alone, never with the voices. If this be a fair specimen of the much-vaunted performance of Catholic churches, it surely deserves less commendation than it has received. I heard the two great bells, that of 28,000 lb. better toned than the other; the power of it is wonderful.

Hôtel Dieu is a great assemblage of irregular buildings on both sides of the river, two rows of beds in each ward, some red curtains, some white, the sheets, etc., perfectly clean. The children's ward an affecting sight. The beds very good and clean, the linen white, children well dressed and quite clean; many nurses and religious women attending them. "L'Enfants Trouvés," belonging to which are 14,000 children. Saw some of them playing very comfortably together. Nothing can exceed the propriety in all the French public institutions I have yet seen. Their system of managing their people as one great family would have its effect if introduced into England. The police of Paris make part of this system, and I have not seen the least disorder at any time. Three of the Marchés are met with frequently riding about, so that there is no opportunity to begin a disturbance.

From the Observatory is a very pleasant prospect of Paris and Montmartre. We descended to Les Caves, which are excavations running in all directions, about seven feet high and three broad. After much turning and winding we came to a dropping spring which petrifies. We were

conducted by a girl with a flambeau, who marked the turnings with bits of wax. Without great attention it must be impossible to find the way out.

August 16th.—King's Library. Good collection of prints, Oriental mss. in many rooms, two globes (old), twelve feet in diameter, let into the floor. The absence of smoke occasions all the little town gardens to look green and lively, and makes the view of the city very beautiful. Very

few beggars, not the tenth part of the number in London. The old-fashioned best houses are "hôtels," with high walls before them; but they are modernising everywhere. They talk of a new bridge below Port Royal. Since the accession of the present king leave has been given to increase the size of Paris, which has occasioned great additions to the faubourgs, which look beautiful while the stone is fresh.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

I.

IT was a summer's day nearly 300 years ago—the 19th of July, 1588—if the reader requires us to be exact. A large company, most of them persons of rank, were assembled on a bowling-green, situated on the Hoe of Plymouth, and commanding that unrivalled view, landward and seaward, for which it is renowned. Most of those present were naval men, though their dress bore little token of their profession. They wore the picturesque doublet and jerkin, mostly of taffeta or velvet, and the trunk hose with which the painters of the day have rendered us familiar, and bonnets of the same material, decorated with a gold chain or a plume of feathers, according to the fancy of the wearer. Conspicuous among the crowd were a number of soldiers, wearing steel caps, buff coats, and breastplates, and carrying partisans or hack-buts. Some of these apparently had strolled in from the citadel to witness what was passing; though no more dangerous contest was in progress than a game of bowls, whereat the Devonshire champions were matched against all outsiders. Others were in charge of the beacon on the heights hard by, which, built up on this, as on every other headland along the coast, was in readiness to give notice of the approach of the terrible Armada, which, for three years past, had been preparing in the arsenals of Spain for the subjugation of England. The day was warm and fine, but there was a strong wind from the sea, and the white billows might be seen, though indistinctly, tumbling and breaking on the dangerous Eddystone rocks, some fifteen miles distant.

A group of a dozen gentlemen was gathered immediately to the left of the players, conversing with one another. The most conspicuous of these was a tall man, whose dress and bearing alike proclaimed his high rank. This was Charles Howard, Baron of Effingham, and Lord High Admiral of England, afterwards created for his services Earl of Nottingham. The gentleman immediately on his right was an older man. His grizzled hair and complexion, tanned by hotter suns than those of England, told of long and severe service. Opposite to him, and more daintily dressed, was one of the Devonshire players, a handsome man between thirty and forty. He was engaged in conversation with Lord Howard.

"Is it then true, my lord," he asked, "that you have had orders to send our ships into port and discharge the men? It is so affirmed, yet I can scarce believe it."

"It is true, Raleigh," returned the admiral; "such were my lord secretary's instructions. He dwelt much on the heavy cost of their maintenance, and the meagre condition of her majesty's exchequer."

"Methinks it would be emptier still," returned Raleigh, "if her grace permitted these Spanish robbers to have access thereto. It is ill economy to turn the house-dog adrift when the thieves are abroad."

"He hath received advices that the Spaniards will not bestir themselves this year, the season being now too far advanced, and he thinks the rumour probable," rejoined the other.

"Trusts he to rumour, my lord?" exclaimed the old seaman on his right, "and a rumour spread by Spaniards? I would the lord secretary had been with me at S. Jean d'Alloa, in the Bay of Mexico, some twenty years ago, he would have learned what faith is to be placed in what the dons declare respecting their own doings, or those of other men."

"Ah, thou hast never forgiven them, Hawkins, for their treacherous attack on thee; though, by mine honour, they came by the worst of that!" said Raleigh. "But you, my lord, I trust you have not assented to my Lord Walsingham's commands, at least not without remonstrance."

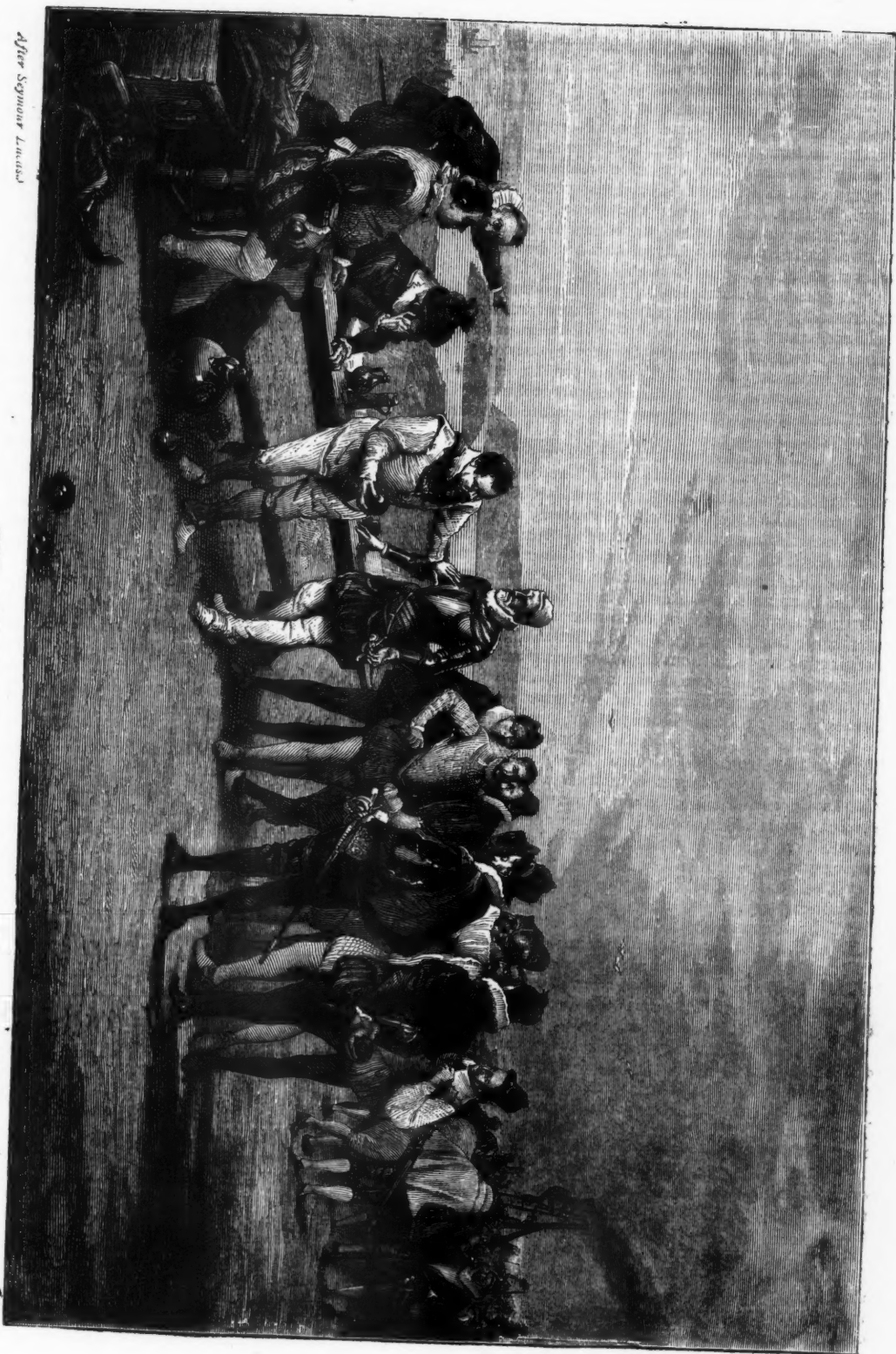
"I did not," replied Howard; "I took upon me to answer that such measures would, to my mind, do grievous hurt to her majesty and this realm. Doubtless the whole of her subjects, whatsoever may be their rank or station, or religious belief, are loyal to the backbone, and abhor the Spaniard. But if Philip's armies, skilled and experienced in warfare, and overwhelming in numbers, as they are, were once fairly landed on our English shores, we should have to fight at fearful odds."

"True, my lord," said Raleigh; "nor can we be sure that the Spanish ships may not be ready even at this moment to put to sea; and I am of Hawkins's mind, that their statement to the contrary is rather a reason for expecting their arrival than otherwise. But you prevailed with my Lord Walsingham?"

After Seymour Lucas.

THE ARMADA IN SIGHT.

[By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.]



"Yea, Raleigh," answered the admiral, "for I told him, if her majesty's treasury could not supply the funds for the support of the seamen, I would furnish them myself."

"It was like yourself, my lord," remarked Hawkins. "I have some Spanish pistoles still in the bottom of my purse, and they should see the light rather than our stout fellows should be turned adrift. But see, it is your turn to bowl, Walter. How goes the game, Francis?" he continued, addressing a short but well-built man of forty or so, with brown hair and beard, and a most engaging countenance.

"It goes against us, I fear," said the gentleman addressed; "Raleigh, Grenville, Parker, and myself are scarce a match for these London-taught players, though the score is very nearly a tie between us at present. You should have been one of us, Hawkins. I remember your cunning of old. You should have joined us for the honour of Devon."

"Nay, it is safe in your hands, I judge," returned Hawkins. "Is it not so, my lord?" he continued, turning to Lord Howard; "may not the honour of Devonshire be safely entrusted to him?"

"I should account it so myself," replied the admiral with a smile; "anyway, if Cavendish and his side can beat Francis Drake, it is more than all the Spaniards in the South Seas could do. But whom have we here?" he continued, as a crowd of men came hurrying up the road from the harbour, bearing along with them a man wearing a foreign dress, which was covered with dust and disordered by the speed with which he had journeyed.—"Ha, Fleming, is it thou? What tidings bring ye?"

"The Spanish fleet is at hand, my lord—scarce three miles from the shore. They had made Calais, creeping along the French shore, when they suddenly changed their course and stood straight over to the Devonshire coast, being minded, as I judge, to attack your ships when off their guard."

"The Spanish fleet! are you sure of it?" was the general cry.

"I have seen it with mine own eyes, and that within the last few hours," returned Fleming; "certes, it is a sight which few men could mistake. They held me in chase for two hours this morning, and had I been two miles farther from the coast, they had overtaken me."

"We must aboard, then, and out to sea with all the speed we may!" exclaimed Lord Howard. "Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher, hasten, each of you, to the harbour, and get your men together. Nay, Francis, cast away thy bowl; we have the Spaniards to play with now."

"Have with you, my lord, when the match is over," rejoined Drake, sedately, as he proceeded to take his aim; "there is time enow, I wot, to finish the game and drub the Spaniard too."

Such is the answer which tradition attributes to Drake on this occasion, and which, if he really made it, was fully justified by the result. There is no character of the latter half of the sixteenth century possessing greater interest for the student of history than Francis Drake, prolific as that period was of great men. He was a man of

humble origin, the son of a common sailor, according to one report, of a master mariner according to another and more probable one. The date and place of his birth are also matters of uncertainty. The latter, according to the most trustworthy authorities, was Tavistock, though some have contended for Plymouth; and the former was probably 1539.*

Very soon after Francis's birth his father became involved in the religious troubles of the day, and having refused to comply with the Six Articles (commonly known as the Bloody Act), he was obliged to fly from his native county and take refuge in Kent. Here he took up his residence in no better place of abode than the hull of an old ship, probably in order to screen himself as much as possible from public notice; and here, says one of his historians, several of his younger children were born. On the death of Henry he emerged from his concealment, and obtained an appointment to read prayers on board the ships at Rochester. Soon afterwards he was ordained deacon and priest, and presented to the living of Upnor, on the Medway. More does not seem to be known of the elder Drake, but it is quite evident that his son derived from him the strong religious feeling which characterised him through life.

He entered very early on a seafaring life. At the age of eighteen we find him purser on board a ship engaged in the Spanish trade, and sometimes making voyages to Zealand and France. The master of the barque in which he sailed became attached to him, and at his death bequeathed him the barque and all that it contained. By the time that Drake was twenty-two he had acquired some money, which he soon afterwards embarked in Sir John Hawkins's† expedition to the Spanish Main, 1567. Drake, who was made captain of the *Judith*, behaved gallantly, and acquired a high reputation. But in other respects the voyage was unfortunate, Drake losing his entire capital, which he had embarked in it. During the voyage home the chaplain on board his ship is said to have fully convinced him that all his losses were owing to the King of Spain; on which account he would be entirely justified in reimbursing himself at his Most Catholic Majesty's expense, when and how he best could.

Whether Drake was really a convert to this theory or not, he straightway acted upon it. In 1572 he set sail with two ships, having on board no larger number than seventy-three men and boys. With this slender force he attacked the Spanish town of Nombre di Dios and captured it, though he received a severe wound in the assault. The description given of the riches he fell in with on this occasion, and, indeed, throughout his voyages, might be mis-

* A portrait of him in Buckland Abbey is inscribed, "Painted in 1594, ætatis suæ 53." On the other hand, a miniature by Hilliard has the legend, "Painted 1581, ætatis suæ 42." If several of his younger brothers and sisters were born while his father resided in the hull of the ship (i.e., previously to 1545), the latter of these two dates is probably correct.

† Sir J. Hawkins is said to have been Drake's near kinsman. He was at this time actively engaged in the slave trade, which was not then accounted dishonourable.

taken for extracts from the "Arabian Nights." On entering one of the guard-rooms "they found the floor heaped with bars of silver, the pile being seventy feet long, twelve broad, and ten high, and its value was estimated at one million sterling." The king's treasury, however, was close at hand, and contained far richer spoil even than this, and Drake was on the point of breaking this open when a faintness came over him, caused by his wound, and his companions were obliged to convey him on board ship, leaving the treasures, like the waters of Tantalus, seen, but untouched.*

Drake presently recovering from his wound, moved onwards to Vera Cruz, and while in the neighbourhood of that city received information that a convoy of eight mules laden with gold and one mule laden with jewels was about to proceed from Vera Cruz to Lima. Drake selected a suitable spot for intercepting this treasure. He directed his men to lie down in the long grass, which grew on either side of the pathway, and not move till he should give the signal. On came the convoy, and in five minutes more would have been safely in his clutches, when a drunken sailor started up, in his anxiety to secure the booty, and gave the alarm. The Spaniards instantly retreated, and could not be overtaken.

Not long afterwards he missed, by an equally unlucky mishap, capturing a ship said to have a million sterling on board. These repeated slips betwixt the cup and the lip must have been sorely trying. But Drake was not the man to be cast down by any amount of failure. He proceeded to make an assault on Vera Cruz, which he took by storm, and here he did obtain some plunder, though nothing resembling the treasures which he had missed. Soon afterwards he again fell in with a convoy of mules, 109 in number, each carrying 300 lb. of silver. This he succeeded in securing, but was unable to convey more than a small part of it on board ship. In these enterprises he was aided by a tribe of Indians called the Simerons, who lived in a state of perpetual warfare with the Spaniards. The chief of this tribe presented Drake with four large wedges of gold, in requital of the gift of a handsome cutlass which Drake had bestowed on him. He had now, notwithstanding his many misadventures, amassed considerable spoil, and thought it time to return home. Departing, therefore, from Cape Florida, he is said to have reached the English coast in twenty-three days, a voyage of unexampled rapidity in those days. In this expedition he lost two of his brothers. It was at this time also that he first caught sight of the great Pacific Ocean from the top of a large tree, and offered up a fervent prayer that he might one day be permitted to carry an English ship into those waters.

Arrived in England, he expended his newly-acquired wealth in fitting out three frigates, with which he joined Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, Governor of Ulster, in the attempt which he made to gain possession of Clancaboy, in Ireland. The enterprise proved unsuccessful, mainly, it is said,

through the intrigues of his rival, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Drake earned neither money nor distinction, but gained the notice of Sir Christopher Hatton, who introduced him to the queen. The latter received him favourably, and is said to have given him something resembling a commission* to proceed to the South Seas, the darling dream of his fancy. He got together, accordingly, what was thought a considerable armament in those days, though it consisted of five vessels only, the largest of which was not more than one hundred tons burthen, and the whole was manned by a force amounting to only one hundred and sixty-four men. With this he set sail on the 13th of December, 1577, and on the 29th of May ensuing reached Port St. Julian, on the eastern coast of Patagonia. Here the unfortunate occurrence took place which several of his biographers record as being the only stain on his character.

There was on board his ship one John—or, according to others, Thomas Doughty—the second in command, a man of eminent ability—so eminent, indeed, that Drake has been charged with being jealous of a reputation which might eclipse his own. Drake accused him of attempting to stir up a mutiny on board his ship, and, summoning the officers of the various vessels, caused him to be tried by court-martial. Doughty was found guilty, sentenced to be beheaded, and suffered accordingly. The accounts of the transaction are meagre, and, as has already been remarked, are thought by many to exhibit Drake in an unfavourable light.† But it should be remembered that there had been previously troubles with Doughty; that he himself acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and died in perfect amity with Drake, in whose company he had received the Holy Communion before his execution.

This last circumstance may read somewhat strangely to us, but it is in perfect keeping not only with Drake's own character, but with the habits and sentiments of the naval adventurers of those days. Drake was not stained with the monstrous and inhuman cruelty with which most of his successors are chargeable, and it is probable that—lawless as his pillage of other men's goods may appear to us—he nevertheless believed himself to have a conscience void of offence even in that particular. Such, however, could hardly have been the case with the freebooting captains in subsequent times. Yet these men, notwithstanding their wholesale cruelties, robberies, and murders, professed great devotion in religion. There were certain ceremonies of a religious character observed when fresh recruits joined their service. Some of them insisted on a most rigid observance of the Sunday; others would permit no gambling, which they regarded as sinful. Another is said to have been so shocked at seeing a man laugh during the celebration of mass, that he drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot!

* Elizabeth is reported to have said, "I account that he who striketh Drake, striketh me."

† There is an idle tale of Drake's having been suborned by Leicester to get rid of Doughty, who had accused him of the murder of Essex. The story hardly needs refutation.

* A Spanish officer, who visited him on board his ship, told him "there were three hundred and sixty tons of silver, and much more gold," in this treasury.

NOTES ON MODERN JEWS.

BY LUCIEN WOLF

II.

THE dark cloud of Russian persecution has not been altogether without the proverbial silver lining. It has given rise to a remarkable instance of national repentance, in the shape of the recall of the Jews to Spain. On the 17th June last year the Spanish minister at Constantinople was authorised by his Government to assure Russo-Jewish refugees that they would be welcomed in Spain on the same conditions as in any other constitutional country of Europe—a specific acknowledgment of the un wisdom of the wholesale expulsions of 1492, which may be underlined as an eloquent political lesson. Since, in 1808, the Inquisition was abolished in Spain by Napoleon I, the question of the readmission of the Jews has more than once been considered by the Spanish authorities. In 1837 it was informally notified to resident Jews that they would not be interfered with; and in 1855, on a memorial coming before the Cortes, praying that the right of residence might be legally affirmed, it was rejected by only 132 votes to 115. Four years later three Jewish bankers, established in Madrid, were decorated by the Government; and in 1868 Marshal Serrano gave effect to the Revolution by a declaration of civil and religious liberty, which, he specially pointed out, involved the repeal of the edict of Ferdinand and Isabella. The re-establishment of the monarchy, however, still left the question in doubt; but now this doubt has been definitely dispelled.

The number of Jews domiciled in the country, principally in Madrid and Seville—in the latter town the germs of communal organisation have already shown themselves—is stated to be 6,000.* In Portugal the same authority states the number of resident Jews to be about 1,000, notwithstanding that, as far back as 1821, the Cortes at Lisbon passed a special resolution declaring that, the Inquisition being no longer in existence, Jews would be admitted to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by them in 1392 and 1422. This estimate must, however, be purely imaginative, for not only are there no official data upon which to base a calculation of this kind, but there is now evidence that, in the interior, relics of the Nuevo Christianos† of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries still exist, of whose number, however, it is as yet

impossible to form any idea. Mr. Israel Davis tells us, in his deeply interesting article in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (art. "Modern Jews," vol. xiii.), that since the Jews of Portugal have been permitted to solemnise religious services, "unknown persons from a distance in the interior have been observed to join these congregations (three synagogues at Lisbon and one at Oporto); they were members of Jewish families who had secretly preserved their religion and the tradition of their origin during the whole time of the exclusion of the Jews from Portugal."

This is a fact before which it may be well that we should pause for a moment. We are brought here face to face with the very crux of that anti-Jewish prejudice which has taken such deep root in the minds of every people on the face of the earth. The immediate causes of particular manifestations of Judæophobia, as at present seen in Russia and Germany, must, no doubt, be sought in the temporary lessons of more or less temporary conjunctures of circumstances. For example, the industrial or social predominance of the Jews over a less active indigenous population is a temporary cause, because it is only felt during a political or commercial crisis, and may altogether cease with the spread of education. Exceptional laws, which place a certain moral brand upon the Jew and foster the normal prejudice, are less temporary causes, but still terminable even in the least enlightened countries, when they are compared with the "first great cause," literally "least understood." (This primal cause influences, deny it as they may, the most enlightened communities and all generations of men. It is shared not only by Christians and Mohammedans, but even by Atheists, whose rejection of all theological traditions might warrant the belief that they would have no other feeling for Jews than for any other believers in the God-head;* and although the teachings of the Christian churches have, in times past, fostered anti-Jewish prejudice, it must, in common justice, be conceded that Christianity did not create it, as there is ample evidence that it existed centuries before the Crucifixion. The widest civil and religious liberty cannot destroy this prejudice; it is independent of religious differences; and even in new countries, where the elements of the population are most diverse, it is found to lurk in men's breasts.† Whence does this extraordinary feeling arise? A little investigation will show. The Jew is everywhere a stranger, an alien. Man is gregarious in his habits, but the Jew, alone of his kind, holds himself aloof from his fellows. He mixes with them, but is not of them, and, however firmly he

* "Volkskunde der Juden," by Richard Andree. (Leipzig, 1881.)

† "Long after the establishment of the Inquisition there were still in Spain a large number of Jews who, openly professing Christianity, were none the less Jews at heart. Their religious principles they transmitted intact from generation to generation. Up to the age of thirteen they allowed their children to live as Christians; arrived at that age they were suddenly introduced to a secret assembly of their people, where their birth and the proscriptive laws under which they lived were revealed to them, and they were asked to choose between the God of their fathers and that of their persecutors. A sword was placed in their hands, and if they wished to remain Catholics they were asked to put their parents to death sooner than deliver them up to the Inquisition, according to the precepts of their faith." ("Les Juifs en France, en Italie, et en Espagne," by J. Bedarride.) These were called "Nuevo Christianos," or New Christians. Basnage tells us that more than a hundred years after the Jews were exiled from Spain, families of converts emigrated to other countries, where they immediately returned to their ancient faith.

* Herr Dühring, the Bradlaugh of Germany, has been the most active coadjutor of the Court Preacher Stoecker in the anti-Jewish movement.

† There have frequently been demonstrations against the Jews in the United States of America.

may establish himself in any country, however completely he may share its woes or its prosperity, there is always the indefinable feeling that he is a being apart, that he legitimately belongs to some other sphere, the mysteries of which no Gentile eye can pierce. Thus is primarily engendered a prejudice, somewhat negative in character, a kind of shyness, which gradually develops into a tacit acknowledgment that real kinship is unattainable. Nothing seems to overcome or thaw the invisible separatism of the Jew. The phenomenon becomes irritating when it is found to be bound up with certain implied pretensions of superiority, a haughty reserve in matters of religion, a disparaging avoidance of the habits, the practices, nay, the very persons of the people amongst whom he dwells. It wants but little to blow these embers into a flame; and into what conflagrations have they not developed! The whole of mankind has launched itself against the Jew, has spent its last resource in endeavouring to rid itself of his hateful, I might almost say, his phantasmal presence; but, after every expedient of extermination has been exhausted, his mocking form has raised itself unhurt, defying proscribing edicts, laughing at the fires of *auto-da-fés*. The only result of such conflicts has been to intensify the prejudice. The Jew has added to the offence of his separatism the unpardonable offence of indestructibility, and the original enigma of his existence has been complicated by the still more puzzling mystery of his persistence, in spite of apparently superior forces. The question which divides Jews from other people is, then, evidently a physical rather than a theological question. We hear a great deal nowadays of race distinction and of race aspirations, but there is really no race, with the exception of the Jewish, which makes a serious stand for its own absolute purity; and here is the root of all that feeling against the Jew which seems so ineradicable. There is, of course, a reason—and to my mind a very good and sufficient reason—for this sturdy maintenance of the physical peculiarities of Judaism; but this is not a controversial paper, and so I will not enlarge upon the Jewish view of the question. I must, however, be permitted to say that the study of this subject, as a secular study, is of the gravest importance, and the sooner all its bearings are under dispassionate discussion the sooner will existing prejudices be at an end, and a key furnished to many of the subtler problems in the history of civilisation. Is it not time that the "smoke and fury" of theological conflict and the irrational jealousies of mobs should be made to give way to inquiry into those natural laws which are responsible for the greatest phenomenon of history? This fact the inquiry would prove: You cannot destroy the Jew or his faith, but you may at least solve the irritating mystery which has widened the chasm between him and the Gentile world, and solve it so that in the mutual understanding that will result will be found mutual toleration, mutual appreciation, the germs of a new era for humanity.

Crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, we come across further evidence of the persistence of Jewish character, and of the unlimited liability of the

Jew to persecution. Jews are to be found in every part of Africa, their number being estimated by Richard Andree at 402,996, 200,000 being credited to Morocco*, 33,496 to Algeria†, 60,000 to Tunis‡, 100,000 to Tripoli§, 8,000 to Egypt||, and 1,500¶ to the British settlements in the South. Here again we alight upon very faulty estimates. Apart from the doubts expressed in the appended notes, and without considering the Falashas in Abyssinia (250,000), whose Jewish descent is doubted by some ethnologists, there are many Jews in out-of-the-way, almost unknown, districts of Africa, whose numbers cannot be comprised in the totals I have quoted. The innate enterprise of modern Jews carries them almost all over the Dark Continent, and although it cannot be said that they occupy any exceptional position as a mercantile community, they have still managed to make their mark as factors in the future of Africa. All along the South Mediterranean littoral they are persecuted with relentless cruelty. In Morocco anti-Jewish outbreaks are of frequent occurrence, and in Tunis and Tripoli the murder of an Israelite hardly excites comment, much less humanitarian indignation. Not the rabble of "undisciplined fanatics" which, under the command of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless, perpetrated such frightful cruelties on the Jews in the early days of the Crusades, had a more confirmed taste for Jew-baiting than the modern Moors. And yet there is apparently no reason for it, except that the Jews are industrious and oppressed; and that is no reason, at its worst, for at one time the Moors and the Jews shared alike in the noblest work of the hands, the highest efforts of the mind—were brethren divided by no invidious laws except the hidden but inexorable laws of nature. In spite of this ceaseless persecution, however, the Jews multiply in Africa, and, as in Russia, they divide with the foreigner the best trade of the northern states. Besides this, they are indefatigable travellers, and not only merchants themselves, but the most trusty and experienced guides for caravans. When their journeyings into the interior commenced, it is difficult to say; but it is certain that they preceded the expeditions of any travellers of modern times. At Khartoom, on the juncture of the White and Blue Nile, is a prosperous community of Jews, and at Timbuctoo is an ancient settlement.** The latter is an extraordinary illustration of the physical nature of the distinctiveness of Jews, for these

* This estimate is too low, and it is difficult to discover on what calculations it is based. Graberg von Hemsö placed the number as high as 539,500, and Alexander 340,000. The most reliable estimate, 300,000, is no doubt that given by the Jewish deputation that recently waited on Lord Granville.

† Census of 1876.

‡ The Jewish population of Tunis has been put down in the reports of various Roman Catholic missions at something like 400,000. This is, however, very much exaggerated. Behm, in the "Geographische Jahrbuch," after going through the various towns and districts in detail, only reaches a total of 59,610.

§ This is little more than a guess, and appears to me to be rather too high.

|| Alexander gives their number as 10,000, but Andree is probably right in believing that figure to be somewhat exaggerated.

¶ For this estimate no authority whatever is given, and it has not even the merit of being a shrewd guess. I should think this number would be found in Cape Town alone. For the whole of the British settlements in South Africa 15,000 would probably be more exact.

** "Les Daggatoun," par le rabbin Mardochée Aby Serour.

Hebrew men and women have entirely forgotten their religion, and yet do not intermarry either with the Mussulmans who despise them or the negroes whom they contemn. In other Saharan colonies Jews are found; at Bouzebiha, Mabrouk, Mamoun, Agadez, Bamba, and all along the Niger. These communities are continually being visited by Jewish travellers from the north; and M. Isidore Loeb tells us, in his preface to Mardochée's pamphlet on the Dagatoun, that it is they who carry on commercial relations with the interior of Africa. He further states that the French Geographical Society has on several occasions made use of these intrepid travellers for exploring purposes, and Mardochée himself was called upon by the Commission on the Trans-Saharan railway to give valuable information, which, presumably, could not have been obtained elsewhere. It may then with truth be said that the Jews of Africa have already constituted themselves beneficent factors in the future of that continent. Their services in this respect are particularly remarkable, when it is remembered that to the discovery of the Indies the geographical knowledge and experience of Jewish travellers powerfully contributed, and that it is more than a mere presumption, as I have already said, that Cæsar, in his expedition to Britain, acted upon information extorted from Jews.

In the Cape of Good Hope the Jewish element is a very strong one, and the principal names in the local trade are Jewish. One large Jewish firm alone had for years almost the entire trade of the colony in their hands, controlling a network of branches spread over the most remote districts, and supplying Boer farmers and English colonists with the necessities of civilised life. The principal English newspaper is owned by a Jew, and in most of the departments of Government Jews figure. That they are equally prominent in the diamond fields will surprise no one, for the diamond trade and industry are traditionally Jewish.

Egypt is, at least in things Judaic, sufficiently identified with the rule of the Sultans to be considered apart from more characteristically African countries. Here the Jews congregate principally in the large towns, Cairo and Alexandria, and their condition is substantially the same as in the important centres of Turkish commerce. They are merchants, bankers, and traffickers, and are, as elsewhere, a peaceful and industrious element in the population. The Anti-Semitic writers in Germany have ascribed the large diminution in the Jewish population of Egypt, since the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, to the competition in trade of the Armenians and Greeks, who are said to be superior as business men. This is, however, an unfortunate argument, as the talents of the latter have failed to infuse that life into the commerce of the Levant which characterises the trade of the Western countries whither the Jews have migrated. That the Jews do not necessarily thrive only amongst stupid populations is shown,* too, by

their not being a conspicuously prosperous class in any part of the Turkish dominions.

They are well distributed all over European and Asiatic Turkey, and, besides engaging in every trade, are distinguished as physicians. They are tolerated both by the state and the people; but although they are rarely the objects of Mussulman fanaticism, it cannot be said that they enjoy a perfect immunity from prejudice in the Ottoman Empire. The Greeks and the general Christian population regard them with unconquerable aversion, the notorious blood accusations being frequently brought against them with disastrous consequences. Nor is this feeling confined to the Christian inhabitants of Turkey proper. In all the independent and semi-independent Christian principalities the Jew is hated with even more intensity than in Russia, and generally on precisely the same grounds, with exactly the same real causes underlying them. Indeed, from the large number of Jews resident in these states, their condition has been a source of deep anxiety to their Western co-religionists.* So much so, that when the Berlin Congress was sitting great efforts were made to bring their condition under the notice of the plenipotentiaries—efforts which were fortunately crowned with success. A provision was introduced into the Berlin Treaty assuring equal rights and privileges to Jews in all the countries dealt with in that instrument; and although in Roumania and Servia that provision has not yet been completely obeyed, there can be little doubt that it cannot long remain a dead letter.

The Turks themselves are not exceptions to the general rule that seems to make dislike of the Jew almost a fundamental bond of humanity. In Turkey the term "Jaoud" is as much a term of reproach and obloquy as its equivalent in the most Jew-hating country of the world; but, with characteristic inertness, the Turk does not go further in his prejudice than to spit out when he spies a Jew. Possibly, the absence of violent outbreaks is due to the general lifelessness of things in Turkey. The people seem to have lost all energy, and the decay of the empire is but too apparent. Here then there can be but little real friction of class interests; and when it is considered that the Turk views with fatalist equanimity all the high places in Stamboul occupied by his most bitterly-hated enemies, the Greeks, it is not difficult to understand the indifference with which he tolerates a people without political aspirations, and whom he dislikes for no easily definable reason. It has been asserted that the Jews and the Turks live on terms of extreme cordiality, and a very pretty theory has been built up on this statement to the effect that, from the close (?) relationship of Mohammedanism to Judaism, Jews in every part of the world are always ready to support Turkish interests. The fact is, however, that although the Jews are grateful to the Turks for being left alone and unmolested, no intimacy whatever exists between them; and that there is no particular affinity between Judaism and Mohammed-

* In European Turkey there were, before the late war, 71,372 Jews, and in Asiatic Turkey 106,000. (Richard Andree, "Volkskunde der Juden.")

* Roumania has proportionately the largest Jewish population of any country in the world, viz., 400,000, or 7'44 per cent. In Servia the Jews are said to number about 2,000.

danism is proved by the persecutions to which the Jews in Persia (16,000) are subjected.

The Turkish Empire is peculiarly interesting to Jews, comprising, as it does, their original fatherland—the scene of a history so romantic and so glorious that nearly one-half of mankind gives it the first place in their literature. The present Jewish inhabitants of the Holy Land are, however, far from resembling in their higher attributes the nation of whom they are the relics. It is even a misnomer to call them the “relics” of the Hebrew nation, for there is probably not one family at the present time in Judea which has been uninterruptedly established there since the destruction of the second temple. As in other countries, the Jews of Jerusalem are divided into Sephardim and Ashkenazim, meaning literally Spanish Jews and German Jews. Here the eccentricities of Jewish wanderings may be read. Living, after centuries of expatriation, once more in the land of their forefathers, the Jews distinguish themselves by the names they have acquired in the course of their exile! The larger proportion of the Jews of Jerusalem (15,000) pass their time in devotion and Talmudical study, and being actuated in this by religious motives, their co-religionists throughout the world good-naturedly contribute to their support an annual sum amounting to about £50,000 (*halucha*), or five-sevenths of the total revenue of Palestine.* The result of this is most unfortunate. Not only is the very genius of the people demoralised by pauperism, but its fell operation is hastened by the bigotry of the rabbins, who, interpreting the *halucha* as an encouragement to persevere in an exclusively devotional existence, impose an inflexible and minute ceremonialism on their flock, and forbid them all secular education and remunerative employment. In this they are aided by the power of excommunication, which they are always ready to put in motion, but more particularly by their being the administrators of the *halucha*. Notwithstanding the large sums that are annually sent to Jerusalem by pious Jews in other countries, it will readily be believed that the question of how to improve, and permanently improve, the condition of the miserable communities in Palestine has strongly exercised the minds of enlightened Jewish philanthropists in the Western world. Here, however, it is not only superstition which has to be dealt with, but vested interests as well, which, from their peculiarly gratifying nature, are obstinately conserved. Undaunted by the difficulties of the question, the “Alliance Israélite Universelle” at Paris, and the Anglo-Jewish Association in London, have for years worked hard to establish secular schools in Palestine, and by technical education to rescue the inhabitants from the consecrated pauperism in which they are content to pass their lives. These efforts have not as yet been crowned with success, but beginnings have been made, and progress, slow but sure, is annually reported.

The operations of the “Alliance” and of the

Anglo-Jewish Association are not confined to the Holy Land, but extend all over the East, and are available for any distant and help-requiring Jewish communities. From Bosnia in the west to Bagdad in the extreme east of the Turkish dominions, these societies have established schools, and even farther, into Persia and India, they have carried their assistance to educational projects. Indeed, the system of secular education, which the practical philanthropy of Western Judaism is imposing upon the comparatively ignorant and poverty-stricken communities in the East, is rapidly becoming an important element in the social life of that region. In many places the Jewish schools are the only schools, and in some they are the best. To such an extent is their superiority being recognised, that many pupils not of Jewish parentage are sent to be educated under their roofs, and at one of the schools—I cannot at the moment recall the name—the sons of the Governor-General of Syria have been admitted at the express solicitation of that functionary. Here again, in the Levant and in Asia, a circumstance analogous to that which I have already pointed out in my references to Africa is brought prominently under our notice—the circumstance that the well-being of the districts under discussion is gradually coming within the beneficent influence of Jewish activity. It is impossible to exaggerate the significance of the fact that amidst the ruin and degeneracy which characterise the Asiatic present, the Jews alone seem to be acquiring those vitalising graces that have made the Western world a teeming arena of culture, industry, and reproductiveness.

The Jewish populations of other Asiatic countries, as given by Andree, are as follows:—Bokhara and Khiva 10,000, India 15,000, China 200, Russian Turkestan 1,000, Siberia 11,400, and the Caucasus 23,247 (census of 1877).

There are yet nearly 300,000 Jews to be accounted for before the total of the Hebrew population of the world is complete. Of these, nearly 250,000 are resident in the United States of America, about 2,000 in Canada, 7,000 in the rest of America, and 25,000 in Australia and Polynesia. The recent growth of the American community is astounding. The first Jewish settlement in the States took place in 1650. In 1832 there were not more than 12,000 Jews resident there, but now the number has grown to a quarter of a million, of whom 60,000 reside in New York City alone.* The American Jews are pretty evenly distributed over all the States and their various branches of industry. They also take part prominently in political affairs, are well represented in the civil service, and generally enjoy great prosperity. Their activity in public matters is almost a matter of American history. A Jew, Uriah P. Levy, has attained the dignity of Admiral of the Fleet; Colonel David Franks, another Jew, was confidential aide in 1778 to General Washington; and there have been a large number of Jewish Governors of States, members of both

* An interesting account of *halucha* is given by Mr. Sydney M. Samuel in “Jewish Life in the East,” (1881.)

* “Statistics of the Jews of the United States.” (Published by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.)

branches of the Legislature, judges, and consuls. Jefferson Davis's foreign secretary, and one of the ablest of the Confederate leaders, was a Jew. It is needless to say that in the United States the Jews enjoy the fullest civil and religious liberty. The social and political life of the country has, however, not been altogether free from a taint of Judæophobia. In the early days of Jews taking part in public life, we find frequent instances of motions being made to exclude them from State Legislatures on account of their religion—in 1808 in Indiana, and in 1810 in North Carolina. There have also been occasional *émeutes* at fashionable watering-places, where the aristocratic and fastidious Knickerbockers have procured the expulsion of Jews from hotels on account of their obnoxious parvenuism. Three or four years ago, too, when it was proposed to appoint Mr. Peixotto, previously Consul-General in Roumania, to an important diplomatic post in Russia, the design of the Government was frustrated by an outburst of public opinion actuated solely by the Judaism of Mr. Peixotto. Such outbreaks of instinctive in-

tolerance are, however, very few and far between. The lot of the American Jews is generally a happy one; and there can be no doubt, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, that the strong Semitic element in the American people will powerfully contribute, if it has not already contributed, to the general progress of the Transatlantic continent.

These rough notes on the Jews of the world will not have been penned in vain if they serve to convince only a few that the distinctiveness of the Jew—his "tribalism," as Professor Goldwin Smith prefers to call it—is *not* a misfortune to humanity. It is to some extent an ethnological puzzle, but one which I am confident is capable of easy solution. I hold very strongly to the opinion that when, one of these days, the compilation of history shall be freed from prejudiced and class bias, and shall know no other guidance than that of scientific truth, it will be found that the distinctiveness of the Jew as a physical phenomenon, has been one of the most important factors in the history of civilisation.

THROUGH SIBERIA.



Henry Lansdell.

THE main features of Mr. Lansdell's journey across Siberia have been described by his own pen in this journal. The paper, for example, on "Siberian Exiles," which appeared last year, gave succinctly the results of his observation on a subject of chief interest, while another on "The Burning of Irkutsk" pictured the most exciting incident of his experience. But, familiar as our readers may be with his name, few probably would be prepared for the wealth of facts em-

bodied in his recent volumes, "Through Siberia."* Mr. Lansdell has supplemented his own notes by careful research, and the result is a work of great geographical and political value. No such complete view of Asiatic Russia has before been presented to the public.

The circumstances which first prompted the journey were in themselves remarkable. Miss Alba Hellman, a Finnish lady, had been hindered in her favourite work of prison-visiting by ill-health. At the time when Mr. Lansdell visited Finland she had been for several long years the victim of acute heart disease, which had compelled her to sleep every night in a sitting posture; but she still cherished the lively sympathies which had once found scope in practical work. It is cheering to note how a hand that seems useless may sometimes touch the springs of important action. After Mr. Lansdell's return this good lady wrote to him in English. She had had only a few lessons in this language when a girl; but, possessing a Swedish and English New Testament in parallel columns, and a dictionary, she set herself to find clauses and expressions that conveyed her meaning in Swedish, and then to copy their English equivalents. The force of her language, however, was unmistakable, thus: "You (English) have sent missionaries round the all world, to China, Persia, Palestina, Africa, the Islands of Sandwich, to many places of the Continent of Europe; but to the great, great Siberia, where so much is to do, you not have sent missionaries. Have you not a Morrison, a Moffat, for Siberia? Pastor Lansdell,

* "Through Siberia." By Henry Lansdell. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

go you yourself to Siberia!" And the idea thus suggested in due time bore fruit.

We must not retrace old ground in following the successive steps by which Mr. Lansdell advanced. As our readers are aware, the visitation of prisons was a chief object in his journey. His verdict as to the Siberian prisons is so favourable that it has since been said they were prepared for his inspection. From the preface to the second edition of the book it appears that Mr. Lansdell's attention has been directed to this question. No proofs are forthcoming, and he challenges the fullest inquiry. An attentive reader will perceive that in two places—at Irkutsk and Kara—the officials did know definitely within a few hours when he might be expected; but it was the reverse in most cases, for the immense distances to be travelled, and the delays, precluded accurate calculations as to time of arrival. And some of the places visited, as Barnaul and Alexandreffsky, lay altogether off the route the author had at first intended to take, whilst the unfeigned surprise of the Governor of Tobolsk at seeing the travellers arrive at all (by reason of the floods), and his sending them off at once to the prisons, would seem to show that any preparation for the visit, in that case at all events, was out of the question. It is well, however, that facts of this kind should be closely canvassed. It needs no saying that Russia is grievously behind in many of the first elements of progress; and yet there is much in these volumes which should tend to soften existing prejudices.

When the traveller reaches the summit of the Urals there stretches far before him a region, the dimensions of which are very hard for the mind to realise. Russia in Asia measures 4,000 miles from east to west, about 2,000 from north to south, and covers nearly five and three-quarter millions of square miles. "It is larger by two millions of square miles than the whole of Europe; about twice as big as Australia, and nearly one hundred times as large as England. The country largely consists of immense steppes, marshes, and pools. Lakes, properly so called, are not numerous, but the greatest of them, the 'Baikal,' is in some respects the most remarkable in the world. No less remarkable is the great variety of the inhabitants. They are sometimes classified into five typical races: *Slavonic* (including Russians and Poles); *Finnish* (including Finns, Voguls, Ostjaks, Samoyedes, Yuraki); *Turkish* (including Tartars, Kirghese, Kalmuks, Yakutes); *Mongolian* (including Manchu, Buriats, and Tunguses—the last of various denominations); and *Chinese*, with whom may be classed, though not very accurately, the Gilyaks and Ainos. In fact, an ethnographical map of Asiatic Russia bought at St. Petersburg shows therein no less than thirty peoples or nations."

Mr. Lansdell gives us interesting glimpses of many of these tribes, but we must refer our readers to his pages. He has much to say on their customs, religious beliefs, and the methods of government by which they are held together.

On the sea-coast they say the heaven is high and the Tsar is far off; and a bribe goes a long way in diverting the hand of justice. Here is one interesting fact:—

I noticed in several of the houses at Nicolsk that the chimneys were built of lattice work, like English hurdles, plastered with mud. These erections told a tale to those who could read it, the builders being emigrants from Little Russia. So long as serfdom continued, the Russian peasantry were rooted to the soil, and often in great poverty; but when the serfs were liberated they came in some cases to the Government in numbers, and said, "We are poor; please send us to colonise in Siberia, or make us Cossacks." And the Government, desiring to populate the Ussuri, had sent them hither, freed from taxes, and with the usual privileges granted to colonists.

Let us conclude this brief paper with a note which Mr. Lansdell appends, on

TAXATION IN RUSSIA.

I heard on the Kama in European Russia, from a Belgian, that whereas he, as a foreigner, was free from taxation, having to pay only 1s. 3d. a year for his passport, some of the peasants have to pay as much as 28s. Servants of the Crown, including priests, pay no taxes, though their children begin to do so at the age of twenty-one. In Western Siberia no man (except convicts deprived of all their rights) is free from direct taxation, the manner of collecting the tax being similar to that followed in Russia. A census is taken every twenty years or oftener, and a number of villages are classed together into a *mir* (a world), from which a certain tax has to be raised. The *mir* settle among themselves in a kind of local parliament the proportion each family shall pay, and then, whether the members of a family increase or diminish, this fixed proportion goes on till the next census is taken. This causes great inequalities. Thus a father with a large family will be made liable for a large sum, which, so long as he has children at home to work, he can pay; but should his sons be drawn for soldiers, or be cut off by death, he is in a different position; though, on the other hand, a man with a family of small children at the time of taking the census is lightly taxed, whereas, when his children grow up and work, he could well afford to pay more. In European Russia the census is taken every seven or nine years, and the tax to be paid by each family is revised oftener. Each village receives land according to the number of its inhabitants, but so that each "soul," or able-bodied male or head of a family, gets about fifteen acres, a space which, properly cultivated, should suffice for his support; but if not, land in the Primorsk Government costs only 2s. an acre; in fact, at Nikolaefsk, the Government gave land under certain restrictions for building, and up to 1875 charged no property-tax, nor even for licences during the first ten years of Russian occupation. When this land has been allotted to a man in Russia, with its accompanying tax, he cannot get quit of the bargain so far as the tax is concerned. Should he find the land unprofitable, he may give up its cultivation, but he must continue to pay the tax, and hence it often happens that a man leaves his commune and goes to a neighbouring town for employment, but still pays taxes for the land in some remote village he has left.

The fact that Mr. Lansdell's volumes have already reached a second edition is evidence of their interest. The reception accorded them so far does but correspond with their value. A public and honourable testimony to this was given at the last anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, when the toast of "The Travellers," coupled with the name of Mr. Lansdell, was proposed in graceful terms by Lord Stanhope, and received with general applause.

Varieties.

Nibelungen Lied.—What Ossian's poems are to ancient Celtic romance, the lay of the Nibelungen is to old Teutonic poetry. In its present form the Nibelungen Lied is by an unknown author, probably of the early part of the twelfth century; but the matter of the poem, says Hallam, "comes from an age anterior to Christianity, to civilisation, and to the more refined forms of chivalry." Willes says, "I have no doubt whatever that the romance itself is of very high antiquity—at least of the seventh century." The Nibelungen are a fabulous people, not corresponding to any historical race, though most resembling the Franks. The names of Attila and of Theodoric appear as witnesses of some historic traditions interwoven with the fabulous legends. Hallam thinks it probable that the "Barbara et Antiquissima Carmina," which Eginhard records as having been reduced to writing by order of Charlemagne, were no other than these Nibelungen legends and other bardic traditions of Gothic and Burgundian times. The poem was not liked by the clergy, doubtless on account of its heathen tone; nor by courtly poets, who thought it rude; but the rough and racy style commended itself to the people, events being described and heroes celebrated with a certain Homeric picturesqueness. The modern German version of the lay is more easily read, but in that form displays less of its original raciness, as is the case with the modern versions of our British Arthurian legends.

An Aesthetic Poet in America.—Some paragraphs in newspapers have called attention to the visit of an eccentric young English or Irish poet to the United States. This visit seems to be of a business character, and the Yankee "manager" or showman knows how to make the most of any object of curiosity, from Jumbo downwards. "Society" in America, as in England (where even Nana Sahib was once a lion), is supposed to have welcomed the aesthetic poet, but the opinion of sensible and respectable people in America may be seen from the following paragraph in "Woman's Journal":—"Women are as distinctively recognised as the guardians of the public purity as are the clergy of the public morals. Yet when a young man comes among us whose only distinction is that he has written a thin volume of very mediocre verse, and that he makes himself something very like a buffoon for the sake of notoriety and money, women of high social position receive him at their houses and invite guests to meet him, in spite of the fact that if they were to read aloud to the company his poem . . . not a woman would remain in the room until the end. In the vicious period of the English Georges, Byron was banished from society. Moore was obliged to purify his poems for less offences against common decency than have been committed by him. There are pages in his poems which, as a witty critic says, 'carry nudity to a point where it ceases to be a virtue.' He may talk of Greece, but there is nothing Greek about his poems; his nudities do not suggest the sacred whiteness of an antique statue, but rather shame and disgust. We have perhaps rashly claimed that the influence of women has purified English literature."

Gaelic Language.—According to the Census of 1881 there were 231,602 Gaelic-speaking people in Scotland, the total population being 3,755,536. In Inverness above 60,000, Ross and Cromarty above 56,000, Argyre 50,000.

Hats Off.—A curious incident in regard to the usages of the House of Commons occurred upon the occasion of the message of the Queen as to the provision for the marriage of Prince Leopold. Mr. Gladstone appeared at the bar, and walking up to the Speaker, handed what he announced to be "a message from the Crown." The Speaker read the document, which in usual terms expressed her Majesty's reliance on the interest of her faithful Commons in the marriage of the Duke of Albany with the Princess Helene of Waldeck. There were cries of "Hats off!" and Mr. Lewis pointed out that a cabinet minister (Mr. Bright) was not uncovered. Whether this reference was malicious or jocular does not

appear; but it was stated that on a recent occasion another minister, not licensed as Mr. Bright was, had kept his hat on while a message from the Queen was read. In reply to an appeal from Sir R. Cross, the Speaker gave the rule on the matter. Sir R. Cross said: "I beg to ask you, Mr. Speaker, whether the rule for uncovering on the reading of a message from the Crown does not apply to messages only under the sign manual, and not to ordinary replies in answer to addresses brought up by the Comptroller?" To this the Speaker replied: "The distinction made by the right hon. gentleman is correct. Any message direct from the Crown, brought up and read from the chair, is always received by members of this House uncovered, and an entry to that effect is made in the notes. That observation does not apply to answers to addresses."

Marriage in France.—No marriage is legal in France except with the consent of the parents of both parties; but a man or woman over twenty-five years of age may "respectfully cite" his or her parents to show cause why they refuse consent. If they fail to show good cause, the marriage may proceed in spite of them; but the fact that these proceedings are seldom resorted to proves how close are the ties of family duty in France. It may be added that many a confiding English girl, properly married to a Frenchman in her own parish church, has found herself no wife when once she crossed the Channel, and been deserted in misery and disgrace.

The Dog and his Shadow.—Æsop, like everything else, is undergoing revision. An American contemporary we saw the other day had a revised version of the fable of the dog who saw his image in the stream, rather more suited to the current of events than the original edition. As far as we can recollect, this is it: "A dog who carried a stolen beefsteak in his mouth came to the banks of a limpid brook, which reflected objects as clearly as a looking-glass. Seeing the reflected image of himself, he thought of seizing the piece of meat, but prudently determined to devour his own first. He did so, and, looking in the stream, saw the reflected dog with nothing in his teeth and a look of dissatisfaction on his face. 'Ha!' said the dog, 'that fellow had the same idea as myself!' and he ran away laughing."

National Debts.—The national debts of the various countries of the globe in 1881 were as follows: Ducal Hesse, £228,916 (5s. 4d. a head); Sweden, £4,114,880 (£1); Norway, £1,854,157 (£1 1s. 10d.); Chili, South America, £2,233,405 (£1 15s.); Prussia (1866), £42,123,064 (£1 15s. 8d.); Turkey, £69,142,270 (£1 19s. 1d.); Oldenburg, £621,585 (£2 1s. 2d.); Electoral Hesse, £1,845,892 (£2 9s. 6d.); Brazil, £30,763,289 (£3 1s. 3d.); Hanover, £6,423,955 (£3 3s. 6d.); Russia, £274,574,770 (£3 14s. 1d.); Württemberg, £7,033,911 (£3 19s. 6d.); Saxony, £9,912,049 (£4 4s. 10d.); Belgium, £25,070,021 (£5 0s. 7d.); Brunswick, £1,707,707 (£5 16s. 5d.); Bavaria, £29,669,267 (£6 3s. 5d.); Baden, £9,256,728 (£6 9s. 6d.); Austria, £268,965,064 (£7 5s. 3d.); Denmark, £14,862,164 (£8 18s. 9d.); Italy, £211,503,298 (£9 8s. 3d.); Portugal, £42,930,472 (£9 17s. 4d.); Spain, £163,927,471 (£10 4s. 6d.); Greece, £14,000,000 (£12 15s. 3d.); France, £556,680,057 (£14 18s. 9d.); Hamburg, £4,222,867 (£16 16s. 5d.); United States, £579,880,391 (£18 18s. 9d.); Holland, £81,790,799 (£21 17s. 10d.); Great Britain, £797,031,950 (£26 10s.).

Tigers in Siberia.—In the early days of the Russian occupation tigers used to come into the town of Vladivostock, and my host had a horse eaten by them. His young boy once came home saying that he had seen "such a pretty calf," but that he could not hold in his pony, such haste did it make to get away. Sixty-five tigers were said to have been killed in the district the year before my arrival, and Captain de Vries told me that on the road by which I travelled he was pro-

ceeding, early one morning, with a farmer and his dog, when the royal beast appeared on the road a few yards before them, at which they shouted, and the animal retired into the forest. They went forward, the dog preceding them, whereupon the tiger sprang out and seized the dog and bore it away. The farmer began to mourn his loss, but the captain said, "Why, you donkey! if the tiger had not taken the dog for his breakfast he might have taken *you*!" I heard these things, however, *after* my journey; and the only tangible reminders of tigers I saw were some of their skins, offered at Khabarofka and Vladivostok for £2 for that of a cub, to £5 for those of full size. Prejevalsky speaks of the tiger of the district as being equal to the royal tiger of Bengal, but, judging from the skins I saw, it is not so handsomely marked. —*Lansdell's Siberia.*

Impatient of Criticism.—The author who admits that any alteration suggested by editor or publisher can be an improvement is a rare prodigy. The gentle and genial William Cowper showed, in this respect, a spirit of singular candour. His friendly publisher, Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, hinted, through John Newton, that he could point out lines in some of the Olney Hymns which he thought might be improved. The poet's reply exhibits his character in a very pleasing light. In a letter to Newton, July 7, 1781, he says, "I had rather submit to chastisement now, than be obliged to undergo it hereafter. If Johnson, therefore, will mark with a marginal qy. those lines that he or his object to, I will willingly retouch them, or give a reason for my refusal." Instead of being offended, he afterwards acknowledged that the marked lines had been altered for the better.

John Wesley, in the preface to his Collection, has an amusing passage, referring to alterations not before but after publication of his hymns. "Many gentlemen," he says, "have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome to do so, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men." The most amusing part of the matter is, that in the Collection hymns by other writers are inserted, with alterations, although these writers were men like Addison, Watts, and Doddridge. He even altered, in some rare instances, what had been written by Charles Wesley, as has been pointed out by hymnologists.

Oxford from Two Points of View.—"I was educated," says Bishop Lowth, "in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, were raised, encouraged, and pushed forward, by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge."

Gibbon remarks upon this: "The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure; a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents; and the teachers of science are the parents of the mind." But Gibbon himself felt no such gratitude, and in his autobiography tells of the pleasure he experienced in leaving the "port and prejudice of Oxford." But this referred to more than a century ago. The good of our Universities, as described by Lowth, is perennial, the evil of other days has been lessened, and may be yet wholly removed.

Salmon Disease.—Professor Huxley's paper, read before the Royal Society, in presence of the Prince of Wales and a crowded audience, excited much interest, but can hardly be

said to have helped much towards practical dealing with the salmon disease. The Inspector of Fisheries showed that the disease is caused by vegetable parasitic growths, the scientific name of the fungus being *Saprolegnia*. The observations and experiments on this fungus are interesting to naturalists, but the salmon owners and salmon consumers must wait for further light. At present it is affirmed that neither pollution, draught, nor overstocking will produce the disease, if the germs of the fungus are not already in the water; also that the migration of the fish into salt water kills the disease, except the hyphae, or stems of the fungus, have burrowed beneath the epidermis into the true skin. Analogous pests cause epidemic disease in other fishes, and also in various animals and plants. The extirpation of every diseased individual is the cure indicated by the scientific theory, as in the case of the potato disease; but this treatment can hardly be carried out in practice. The cure would be more costly than the disease. We can at present only hope that the number of fresh-run healthy salmon from the sea may exceed the number of diseased fish washed out of the rivers by floods, or otherwise removed from the scenes of fungoid infection.

A Voice from the Dark Ages.

Rome has not changed. The spirit of falsehood, malevolence, and violence, which anciently characterised Papal rescripts against heresy, is still strong as ever. Nothing but the power is wanting to re-enact the bloody cruelties of the past. Witness the recent Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII., which thus fulminates against the Protestants:—"A pernicious sect, of which the founders and chiefs neither hide nor even mask their desires, has established itself for some time back in Italy; after having declared war against Jesus Christ it is attempting to rob the people of their Christian institutions. As to the extent to which it has carried its audacity, it is the less necessary for us to speak, venerable brethren, since the grave injuries, and even ruin, which morality and religion have to deplore lie patent before your eyes."

"In the midst of the populations of Italy, which have always been so constant and steadfast in the faith of their fathers, the liberty of the Church is wounded on all sides; every day efforts are redoubled in order to efface from the public institutions that Christian stamp and character which has always, and with good reason, been the seal of the glories of Italy."

"More than this: Rome, the most august of Christian cities, is now a place laid open to all the enemies of the Church; profane novelties defile it; here and there temples and schools devoted to heresy are to be found. It is even reported that this year it is about to receive the deputies and leaders of the sect which is most embittered against Catholicism, who have appointed this city as the place for their solemn meeting. The reasons which have determined their choice of such a meeting-place are no secret; they desire by this outrageous provocation to glut the hatred which they nourish against the Church, and to bring their incendiary torches within reach of the Roman Pontificate by attacking it in its very seat."

"Moreover, Italy would, perhaps, have to pay yet more dearly for her apostacy, because in her case perfidy and impiety would be aggravated by ingratitude. It is not by chance or human caprice that Italy has from the first been a sharer in the salvation won by Jesus Christ, and has contained within her bosom the chair of Peter, and enjoyed throughout a long course of ages the incomparable and divine benefits of which the Catholic religion is the natural source. She ought then greatly to fear for herself the judgment threatened by the Apostle Paul to ungrateful nations: 'The earth, that drinketh in the rain which cometh often upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is tilled, receiveth blessing from God. But that which bringeth forth thorns and briers is reprobate, and very near unto a curse, whose end is to be burnt.'"

This is enough. It is a voice from the Dark Ages.

Time's Greatest Wonder.—Time did not call Christ forth, nor was He the creature of circumstance. An event not evoked by nature is a miracle, and an event not caused by the moral forces of the universe is a moral miracle. Jesus was not an evolution from humanity. In outward condition a peasant, born and nurtured amongst a people whose nar-

row exclusiveness provoked contempt from the ancient world, His supreme attractiveness of character, spiritual illumination, and mental power could not have been merely human. If they were human it is a miracle that men who reject all tyrannies call Him Lord, and say "Jesus is perfect." He stands alone in unapproachable grandeur. Nineteen centuries roll away, and His character so lives that He inspires millions of men with impassioned love. Other men may seem to be children of their surroundings; He became what He was despite surroundings, and is the only one who can say in truth and holiness, "Do as I have done." He, the ideal, the perfect one of our race, appeared in an age when such an ideal could not have been developed in act—could not have been conceived in thought. In the theory of development the perfection of humanity is the final result of man's history ages hence. Christ, therefore, is the great miracle which more than any other establishes the fact of miracles. Christ Himself is proof of His own miracles.—"*Miracle no Mystery*," by Prebendary J. W. Reynolds.

A Legal Month.—In a recent disputed case of a hiring agreement for loan of furniture, the question was as to whether calendar months or lunar months were intended. It was argued that the Chief Clerk, when the account was being taken, decided that as the payments were weekly payments the word "months" meant "lunar months," while it was contended by the lender that it meant calendar months, and he therefore claimed eight weeks' more rent than the Chief Clerk had allowed. Mr. Justice Fry, in giving his decision, said that there could be no dispute that on the general principle of law the word "months" meant lunar months. The arguments on the other side were not in his lordship's opinion sufficiently strong to change the principle of law. Thus it had been contended that in mortgage transactions months always meant calendar months; but that arose from the fact that interest upon mortgage money was a fixed sum per annum, and then, of course, the half-year's interest would be for six calendar months. That rule could not apply to hiring agreements of this nature.

The Plea of Insanity.—The "Lancet" says: "In the case of Lamson, we utterly failed to perceive a particle of evidence which demonstrated his insanity. The plea set up in his behalf was wholly one of presumption or conjecture that he may have been insane. It is not to be denied that a systematic abuse of 'poisoned-sleep' producers may so deteriorate the brain as to render the mind weak, and place the judgment at the mercy of the lower greeds and impulses; but this is nothing more than admitting that a man may so impair his intellectual powers by drugs or debauchery as to become mentally feeble. Surely we are not, as a state or community, about to commit the absurdity of allowing self-made stupidity and excitability to be accepted as an excuse for crime. Justice has decreed that the drunkard shall not stand excused, and the same rule must apply to the victims of other self-indulgences."

Malleable Iron Castings.—Pig iron of a fine quality is needed, and great care is used in the preparation of the moulds, so that there may be no flaw or imperfection in the casting. The latter, after cooling, is, of course, hard and brittle, and it is to remove this brittleness and give it the character of malleable iron that the special process is required. The casting is now placed in hermetically sealed pots or boxes surrounded by powdered ore, and subjected for several days to intense heat, which, by cementation, gradually softens it and renders it malleable to the core, when it may be bent or wound into any shape. The annealing process takes ordinarily about ten days. Thus a pot made up on Tuesday is got up to a white heat about Friday, and this heat is maintained for some twenty-four hours or more, according to the size or thickness of the article annealed. The fire is then allowed to die down, and when the mass is cool the castings are found to be thoroughly annealed and malleable. Scarcely a trade in Birmingham fails to use malleable castings for some purpose or another.—*Ironmonger.*

By his Lung.—James Syme, the eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburgh, was entirely devoted to his profession. A quaint incident in his practice

will show this. A well-known public character at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterwards he returned on the same errand. On being announced, he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face nor—which was still more galling—acquaintance with his name. He thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But, when the professor put his ear to the patient's chest, and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed, "Ah! I remember you now. I know you by your lung!"

St. Anne's Lane.—The French story about St. Cyr, quoted in our May "Varieties," is only another version of a well-known anecdote of Addison in the "Spectator" (No. 125, July 24, 1711). "My worthy friend, Sir Roger (de Coverley), when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy. At that time the feuds ran high between Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane? but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. 'Upon this,' said Sir Roger, 'I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane,' by which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after without giving offence to any party."

Funeral Sermon Fee.—In the interesting paper on "Sussex Marriages" it is stated (p. 224) that, among the customary fees, in the year 1750, ten shillings was charged for an ordinary funeral sermon, but "Text chosen by friends of deceased" was £1. Old customs survive in out-of-the-way country parishes in agricultural districts, and, about fifteen years since, in such a parish and district, I met with an instance of this fee being paid. A farmer's daughter, aged seventeen, died, after a brief illness, and, on the evening of her funeral, the mother sent to the rector a note, in which she asked him to preach her daughter's funeral sermon from a certain text that she had selected. The rector complied with her request, but, on the Monday morning after the sermon was preached, he was surprised to receive from the mother a note of thanks and a sovereign. He called upon her in the course of the day, to express his sympathy and also to return the sovereign, when the farmer's wife told him that she understood it was the customary payment for the selection of a text, and that it had been done "where she came from," which was a Lincolnshire village. It seems probable, therefore, that the custom mentioned as occurring in Sussex in 1750, lingered more than a century after, though the above is the only instance that ever came within my own personal experience. CUTHBERT BEDE.

Ireland Thirty Years ago.—As long ago as 1854 Lord Dufferin, speaking in the House of Peers in support of the second reading of the Leasing Powers (Ireland) Bill, said: "As most of your lordships are aware, the majority of Ireland's misfortunes may be traced to the fact that a prolific people have been confined within an island, upon the produce of whose soil alone the inhabitants depended for subsistence. In a country without manufactures, without commerce, without emigration, and without a poor-law, if you cut away the land from beneath a peasant's feet, his next step must be into the limbo of beggary. To each man the possession of a patch of land is absolutely necessary for his existence." It was through English interference that Ireland lost other industries, and was almost confined to agriculture. Even the linen trade of the north was introduced in order to protect the English wool trade from Irish competition. When Ireland recovers some of its lost industries, and enters upon new enterprises now in the hands of strangers, such as fisheries, there will be less dependence on the produce of the soil.

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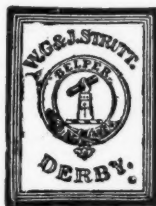
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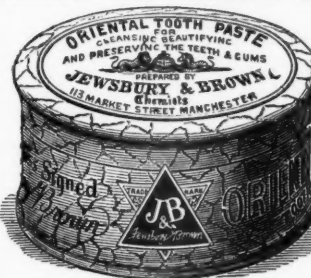
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